HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XXII.—No. 1125.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 20, 1878. [WITH A SUPPLEMENT. PRICE TEN CENTS.

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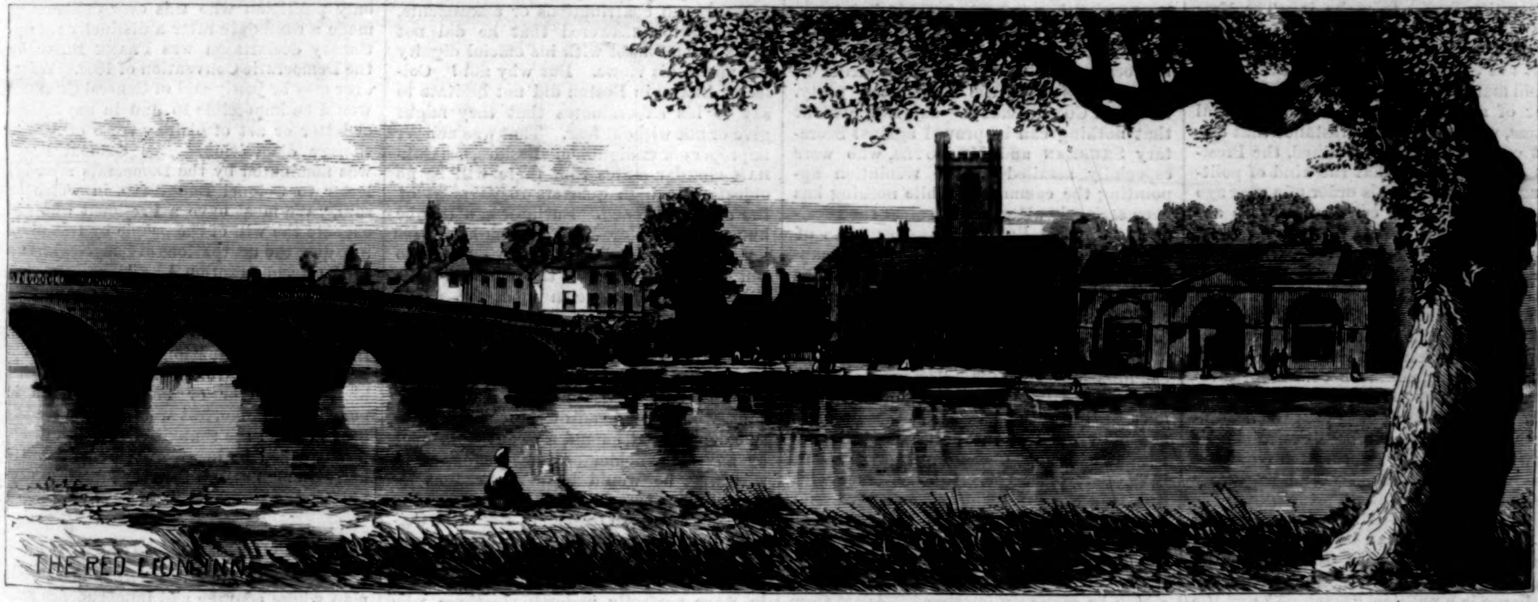

THE HENLEY REGATTA COURSE—A QUIET DAY FOR PRACTICE BEFORE THE RACE.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.—[SEE PAGE 570.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JULY 20, 1878.

☞ *The* ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *contains the conclusion of* "LE CHIEN D'OR," *with a fine engraving, a series of sketches of Moose-hunting in Nova Scotia, and other attractive features.*

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A JUST EXPECTATION.

BY the nomination of Mr. ROOSEVELT as Collector of New York the Administration declared that in its judgment the public interest required a change in that office. The interests of Senator CONKLING, however, required that no change should be made, and he was able to rally a majority of the Senate to defeat the nomination. The situation certainly is not different from that of last autumn, except by the lamented death of Mr. ROOSEVELT. The reasons that made a change desirable still remain, and if the change be now practicable, the Administration ought to make it. The New York Custom-house is precisely what the President holds that the great public offices ought not to be—a centre of political activity and management. Unfortunately, in his letter of acceptance and in his inaugural address, while saying in substance that efficient officers would be retained, the President omitted to say that the kind of political activity at which his order of a year ago was aimed would be considered to be absolutely incompatible with such efficiency. This was an omission, however, which can be readily repaired by a simple declaration to the proper effect; but it has furnished an argument to the enemies of reform, who have insisted that no officer, however actively engaged in the practices which the President justly condemns, could be consistently removed so long as he was technically efficient. The result has been that the Administration seems to have been restrained by its own principles of reform from removing those who are notoriously and flagrantly engaged in violating those principles.

This is an absurd situation, from which the Administration can be relieved readily by such a declaration as we mention, and by prompt and vigorous action. The Custom-house is a political "machine," and the Administration can now make such changes as will disable it as a machine without substituting another for it. It is now, with much of the rest of the national service in the State, what is generally known as "a CONKLING machine," and as the powerlessness of the Executive over the machine while the Senate is in session has been demonstrated during the late session more plainly than ever, the machine is not restrained by fear of Executive interference. The Administration, however, by the changes which it deemed essential last autumn, can now dislocate the machine, and remove an incubus from free popular political action. What Mr. ROOSEVELT could have done is still practicable. It is possible to take the Custom-house out of politics, even if the attempt should be made at the next session to put it back again. But it is not possible to make reforms with those who do not believe in them nor desire them. To do this, decisive steps must be taken; but they should not be attempted if there is not a perfect willingness to bear the sneer that the Administration is setting up its own machine in the place of the old one. The one thing always evident is that reform in the civil service will not be the work of office-holders who share Mr. CONKLING'S and General BUTLER'S contempt for such reform.

The Administration is strong with the great mass of quiet, patriotic citizens, but it is weak with the "politician" class, which, relying upon "the machine," upon patronage, and the organized action and understanding of leading office-holders and their agents, elects Conventions and dictates platforms. This class, in order to secure its present hold and ascendency, tries to revive old cries and to insist upon "harmony"—that is, its own unquestioned control—in what it calls the face of a common danger. With this class the Administration differs upon several radical points, and it is sustained by a great and intelligent opinion in its own party. It is morally bound to maintain its views and secure its purposes by every honorable and legitimate means. It knows that it can not have the support of a united party, for it could gain that of Republicans like Mr. CONKLING and General BUTLER only by a surrender which would at once alienate its present friends. Those who sustain it believe that its aims represent the only policy upon which continued Republican ascendency can be maintained. Between these friends and the Administration there should be cordial co-operation, but they have some right to think that the Administration does not use all the lawful and just means it commands for the promotion of the common purpose. The long session of Congress, the first since the Administration came in, has now closed, and the Administration has seen how much it has to expect from any other course than a steady and vigorous prosecution of its own ends. Its bitterest foes have been those of its own party, and its warmest friends in that party may fairly expect that changes which were justly thought necessary several months ago, and which were then thwarted, now that they have become practicable, will certainly be made.

"STALWART" REPUBLICANISM.

IT has become a settled practice of our politics that if either House of Congress has an anti-Administration majority, it shall enter upon investigations to discredit the Administration with the country. That is the purpose of the POTTER inquiry. It is part of the campaign of mud-throwing. The POTTER committee is, however, peculiar in this, that the minority is divided. The Democrats wish to establish fraud. General BUTLER wishes to smirch the Administration. Governor COX wishes to show that the Administration made no bargains. The Democrats and General BUTLER strike at the reputation of the Republican party. Governor COX defends it. It is now evident that nothing can be proved against Secretary SHERMAN and Mr. NOYES, who were especially assailed in the resolution appointing the committee, while nothing has been seriously attempted against the President. General BUTLER, however, talks of impeachment. There is no reason to suppose that he believes any ground can be found for impeachment; but the pretense enables him to question witnesses in a way to injure the Administration.

A good illustration of this occurred in his examination of DENNIS. The general holds, in common with most active politicians of his school in both parties, that those who do the hard work of the party should be rewarded with good places under government, if the party succeeds. In accordance with this rule the President recommended that DENNIS should be given a good place. The circumstances were exposed by the examination, and afforded the general an opportunity of laughing at the Administration, which he zealously improved. Apart from the general discrediting of the Administration, the only possible bearing that all this had upon the ostensible purpose of the investigation was that the appointment might be shown to have been made as a reward for fraudulent conduct. But when General BUTLER had dealt his blow at the Administration, Governor COX showed that not a step had been gained in the discovery of "fraud," by quietly asking two questions, which were as plainly answered by DENNIS.

"'In these applications for office to the President, or to the head of any department, did you ever intimate, or have any reason to suppose, that they knew of any thing on your part that was in any way wrong or dishonorable in your course in Florida?' 'No, Sir.'

"'You stood on the recommendations you had, and the general recommendation of having done political service, did you?' 'Yes, Sir.'"

That is to say, the Administration pursued the course which every Administration pursues in such cases, and which General BUTLER approves.

As this Administration, however, has taken another ground in such matters, the general succeeds in raising a laugh. Now he and his friends are nothing if not party men. They are described with unction as "stalwart" Republicans. The general has illustrated his "stalwart" qualities at this session by his activity in seating a Massachusetts Democrat in the place of a Republican who was undoubtedly elected, by refusing to agree that the Presidential title is unassailable by this Congress except by impeachment, by sustaining the inflationists, and by hostility to the Administration. The party value of such services can be seen easily. It is a very simple calculation whether the assumption of such men especially to represent pure and radical and aggressive Republicanism is likely to gain large accessions to the party. It was an unwise deference of the Administration to the known views of such men, yet a deference made in the interest of party harmony, which gives them the opportunity of attack and ridicule. It was a mistaken course, which the Administration has no reason for pursuing further, now that the hope of harmony has disappeared.

TWO VIEWS.

THE abuse of political assessments upon the officers of the government is more and more denounced. It had become a practice which would have been wholly unchallenged except for the pestilent reformers; and as for reformers, there are plenty of worthy politicians who bleed and are bled for the party "like little men," who have a very low opinion of them, and who are firmly persuaded that reform is cant and reformers are soreheads. Nothing pleases these gentlemen who are so nobly impatient of cant more than Dr. JOHNSON'S definition of patriotism. Despite such dissatisfaction, the growing censure of the abuse is a wholesome sign of progress, and there will be this year undoubtedly more independence in this matter than has been known for a long time. We published last week the circular letter which the Collector at Boston sent to all the clerks in the Custom-house, with a copy of the GORHAM notification. The Collector assured every man in the Custom-house that his giving or not giving would not affect his tenure in the least degree, and as the assurance would be believed implicitly, the mischievous letter of Mr. GORHAM was made as harmless as possible.

In New York a reporter of the *Herald* waited upon the Collector and asked his views of the GORHAM circular. The Collector courteously replied that "being an official, you will see that it would not be proper to make any statement." Pressed by the reporter to say whether or not he favored such contributions or assessments, the Collector answered that he did not think it consonant with his official dignity to express his views. But why not? Collector BEARD in Boston did not hesitate to say to his subordinates that they might give or not without fear. That was neither improper nor undignified. Besides, the GORHAM circular states that there will be no objection in high quarters to payment of the sum mentioned. But how can this be known in the New York Custom-house, for instance, if the Collector warily declines to confirm the assertion of the circular? His silence throws suspicion upon the whole matter, and his subordinates will naturally conclude that they had better pay the assessment. The scope of the abuse and the general confusion of mind about it may be readily seen by reflecting that if the President, who is the head of the entire executive department, should forbid the payment by any office-holder of money solicited in this way, he would be denounced as an abominable tyrant interfering with the rights of American freemen. But if the Collector should virtually order his subordinates to submit to the robbery, under pain of removal—not, of course, in plain terms, but in ways perfectly understood—those who would denounce the President as a tyrant would be the first to say of the Collector, "Of course—that is the common-sense of the matter."

Postmaster JAMES did not think silence and consequent misunderstanding upon the subject necessary to his official dignity. The reporter asked his views of the GORHAM circular, and Mr. JAMES replied, without reserve:

"'My views are well known on the subject. They are the same as I expressed in the circular which I issued last year to the employés of the post-offices. I am utterly opposed to political assessments of any kind.'

"'Do what are called "voluntary contributions" come within your objection?'

"'If an employé does his work here and gets his money, and chooses to spend it any way he pleases outside of the department, I can have no jurisdiction over him; but my views are strict that no assessments shall be collected here. There is no change in our position in this respect since last year,' said Postmaster JAMES, turning to one of the higher clerks of his office.

"'Not at all,' said the latter; 'the orders to pay no assessments were given to all the superintendents to be communicated to the clerks. One clerk made an inquiry on the subject, and he was told that he might contribute to the Democrats or Republicans, or both if he chose.'

"Then the Postmaster reiterated to the reporter that his views had undergone no alteration in this respect. He was in favor of a civil service which would make admission to the lowest grade, and promotion from that grade for merit, and for merit alone, and which would only permit removal for cause.

"The reporter then referred to that portion of the circular which stated that no official objection would be made to Federal employés contributing as they might think fit, and asked if he had received any intimation that it would be desirable to favor such contributions. He replied that he had not."

This tribute to sound principles of civil service administration is very significant as coming from a most efficient officer.

HOT-WEATHER POLITICS.

BY a singular coincidence two of "our esteemed contemporaries," the New York *World* and *Sun*, which represent the two wings of the Democratic party, recently published on the same day articles anticipating the Republican nomination of General GRANT in 1880, and regarding him as "an intending" emperor. The *Sun*, with amusing gravity, remarks:

"*His contact with the monarchical institutions of the Old World could have no effect upon a nature like his but to make him anxious to ingraft them on his own country, with himself for king or emperor.* We sincerely believe that among the practical dangers which threaten our free institutions is an attempt by General GRANT, if he should again be elected President, to overthrow them. He is every whit as ambitious a man as LOUIS NAPOLEON was. We fear he is as unscrupulous."

The *World* begins by saying:

"It can no longer be doubted that a movement is really afoot to make General GRANT the Republican candidate for the Presidency in 1880, with the implied understanding that he shall remain in office for life if he can then be elected."

It proceeds to remark, very sensibly, that it is "a rather staggering assumption" that we have reached a point in this country when "a savior of society," in the person of a military dictator, has become necessary, or, it might have added, possible.

Such lively suggestions are to be explained by the thermometer, and the extremely dull political season. But this imperial view of General GRANT is not new. In 1868, far in advance of our esteemed contemporaries, General FRANK BLAIR said that if General GRANT once went into the White House, he would never willingly come out. In the light of the two terms and the tranquil departure of General GRANT from the Imperial Palace, the remark of General BLAIR does not seem to have been profoundly sagacious. Democrats who think that they discover a striking resemblance between LOUIS NAPOLEON and General GRANT may profitably remember that the only politician who was ever deliberately made a candidate after a distinctly revolutionary declaration was FRANK BLAIR, by the Democratic Convention of 1868. Whatever may be justly said of General GRANT, it would be impossible to find in any speech or letter or act of his any trace of revolutionary disposition. But General BLAIR was nominated by the Democrats after his letter to Colonel BRODHEAD, in which he said, "We must have a President who will execute the will of the people by trampling into dust the usurpations of Congress known as the Reconstruction Acts."

The rumors of the possibility of a Republican nomination of General GRANT are evidently displeasing to the Democratic mind. But such a nomination should not be opposed upon the ground that he would make himself Emperor or Padishah. Even in politics of the hottest weather it is well to bear in mind the sententious remark of the farmer when he heard what General BLAIR had said: "Yes, but then the American people is not a —— fool!"

POLITICAL PLUCK.

MR. ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS is a public man whose courage and independence may be studied profitably by men of all parties. He showed them on the eve of the war in his speech against secession and his opposition to the Hotspur TOOMBS. That speech, however, although disapproving secession, was not a Union speech. Mr. STEPHENS held the extreme Southern view, but he thought the time ill chosen to carry it out. In his speech, also, upon retiring from Congress, twenty years ago, he took the strongest Southern ground. He has positive and, as we think, often wrong convictions, but he has all the courage of his opinions. He defied his party in the House when Mr. POTTER introduced his resolutions, and he routed Mr. POTTER in the letter that commented upon the one written by that gentleman. He was voted down, and decried as a deserter and a traitor, because he thought the investigation fruitless and foolish, and because he demanded a disclaimer of intention to try to unseat the President. But, as he says triumphantly, within a month he has seen the folly of the investigation proved, and his party almost unanimously doing under the leadership of a Republican what he wanted it to do of its own will.

Mr. STEPHENS'S speech at Augusta is an admirable illustration of the pluck that is sagacity. It was announced that his defiance of the party policy in the House upon the question of investigation should cost him the regular party nomination. He left

Washington, and went straight home to his district in Georgia, not to explain, nor to apologize, nor to entreat, but to speak face to face with his constituents as a man fit to be their representative, because resolved to trust his own intelligent comprehension of their interests. Mr. Stephens very properly does not consider himself to be an agent, but a representative. In this he is less Jeffersonian than he is fond of professing himself to be, because Jefferson, although calling himself a Republican, tended always to the servile view of the representative relation. "I have no business in Congress," said Mr. Stephens to his constituents, "if I do not know your interests even better than you do yourselves." That shows a courage which is in no sense Jeffersonian. The business of the investigation he dismisses trenchantly, but his strong and unsavory figure expresses the general feeling of sensible men. "My opinion was that so rotten an egg had better be buried than broken."

Mr. Stephens said that he neither sought nor declined the party nomination, but his name was already before the people, and he had no words to eat, nothing to take back. He defied the caucus. "I shall never be bound by caucus. A representative government can't be carried on under any such principles. I am willing to consult with members of the party, but the idea of bringing in a rope and lasso is but French Jacobinism revived." It was well said, and may well be pondered by representatives every where. A caucus is for consultation, not for coercion. The insidious effort to introduce the binding rule of the majority in a preliminary consultation, and to compel conformity, is a trick of political traders, and a premium upon corruption. In the degree that caucus becomes arrogant and absolute the party declines, as the history of the Republican party shows. A few men like Mr. Stephens of both parties in Congress would emancipate legislation from some of its worst evils, and encourage general interest in politics. A few men of the same independence in every closely balanced State Legislature would be capable of doing great service. Mr. Stephens quoted what he called the doctrine of the old school of Jeffersonian Democracy; but although a sound doctrine, it is less that of the Democracy than of any great party in our history, that principles, not men nor organizations, make parties. It is, nevertheless, the true doctrine, and a little more of the courage and independence which Mr. Stephens shows would put that doctrine in practice. Since his district will elect a Democrat, it could not have one more satisfactory to honorable Republicans than he.

A DEMOCRATIC "RECORD."

Mr. Speaker Randall has made a speech in Philadelphia congratulating the country and his party upon the great and good work done by the late Democratic House. His party has also "made a record" in Ohio which is worthy the careful attention of the country. The late Legislature of that State was Democratic, and it devoted itself largely to the "reorganization" of the public institutions, and, as we are informed, seventeen bills for this purpose were passed under the gag of the previous question. One of the objects of reorganization was to put Republicans out of office and Democrats in, and this was the chief business of a session of one hundred and twenty-nine days. There were, however, other objects. Mr. John O'Connor, who turned out to be a convict and a bounty-jumper, was put at the head of the Committee on Military Affairs, and he moved immediately upon the Republican enemy's works in the Soldiers' and Sailors' Orphans' Home. This institution was in a highly prosperous condition; but the law of the bounty-jumper was so contrived as, if strictly enforced, to turn into the street a large part of the children. The Cincinnati *Commercial* says that surviving soldiers of the Union army are naturally moving in the matter, and that the law is regarded as showing the wish of the Democratic managers to break down the institution. It is an illustration of Democratic stupidity that O'Connor, a deserter, a bounty-jumper, and, as the Ohio papers stated, a burglar and unpardoned convict of the Michigan Penitentiary, should have been made the representative of the soldiers of Ohio, and charged with the care of their orphans.

There are other statements made in regard to the Legislature which seem to be as incredible as they are disgusting. There were scenes upon the floor which have been described to us by an eye-witness, and which were so revolting that it is surprising the newspapers did not make them more widely known. The good name of Ohio, indeed, would suffer, but public condemnation would make a repetition more improbable. Unfortunately, after the accounts of the conduct of certain members of Congress at the end of the session, it is impossible to assume that the scenes in the Ohio Legislature are fabulous. On one occasion, we are told, a drunken member reeled in upon the floor, and for the whole afternoon, during the reading of important bills, kept the House in an uproar by brandishing knives and hatchets and making maudlin speeches. The chair joined in the general laugh, and no sense of self-respect prompted any kind of rebuke. This was a disgrace of the whole House, on both sides. There are other stories still more degrading, but which will undoubtedly be told in full during the campaign.

The controlling consideration in the Ohio election will be the greenback question. But, as parties must be judged by their general conduct and spirit, by the things which are done under their ascendency, and by the "tone" of affairs for which they are responsible, the character and proceedings of the last Ohio Legislature should justly foster the strongest opposition to Democratic supremacy.

ANOTHER REMINISCENCE OF MR. BRYANT.

A correspondent in Whitehall, New York, sends as a pendant to the letter of Mr. Bryant upon the immortality of the soul, which we published a fortnight since, the following poem by John Mason Good, born in 1764, which Mr. Bryant repeated in his dinner speech at Williams College two years ago. It shows that his faith in God was not less than that in immortality:

THE DAISY.

Not worlds on worlds in phalanx deep
  Need we to prove a God is here:
The daisy, fresh from winter's sleep,
  Tells of His hand in lines as clear.

For who but He who arched the skies,
  And pours the dayspring's living flood,
Wondrous alike in all He tries,
  Could rear the daisy's purple bud?

Mould its green cup, its wiry stem,
  Its fringed border nicely spin,
And cut the gold-embossed gem
  That, set in silver, gleams within?

And fling it, unrestrained and free,
  O'er hill and dale and desert sod,
That man, where'er he walks, may see
  In every step the stamp of God?

A WORD IN SEASON.

"The members of the press" in the State of New York, out of the cities of New York and Brooklyn, have formed an association, which holds an annual meeting to promote better mutual acquaintance and understanding. The meeting takes place at one of the cities of the interior, and there is generally an oration and poem, followed by an excursion to some interesting point. It is usually thought that the newspaper press is not "backward in coming forward," and that every individual who is connected with it is somewhat disposed to appropriate to himself all the praise that is lavished upon the press, and to regard himself, *ex officio*, as a public benefactor. There is consequently a good deal of fun aimed at press conventions and excursions, which is undoubtedly forgiven by those who enjoy the fun of the excursions themselves. There is this undoubted advantage in such occasions, that they give an opportunity to shrewd and eloquent orators, who are always selected from the fraternity, to point out to the brethren some of the peculiar dangers of their calling, and to prick a great many glittering bubbles of conceit.

The modern practice of "interviewing," and of asking for publication the opinions of noted persons upon all kinds of subjects, often leads to abuses which have cast a certain reproach upon all newspaper men. The ideal "editor" is an imposing and powerful personage, but the actual editor in the flesh is, nevertheless, not always a welcome guest. The world hardly takes newspaper men at their own valuation. It is a very wholesome thing to be reminded of our shortcomings by a preacher whom we know to speak with authority, and the oration before the Press Association this year was, therefore, very timely and suggestive. Its subject was the Perils of Journalism, and the orator was Mr. Charles E. Fitch, editor of the Rochester *Democrat*, and a Regent of the University. The *Democrat* is a paper of very large, if not the largest circulation of all the daily papers in the State, except those of the city of New York, and Mr. Fitch is a gentleman of liberal education and of generous pride in his vocation. His scholarly tastes and accomplishments are evident in his discourse, whose earnestness and perception and eloquence heartily commend its suggestions to every reader.

Mr. Fitch mentions five chief perils of journalism: low views of human nature; superficiality; want of a true sense of responsibility, or unconscientiousness; partiality or prejudice; and lack of conviction. Upon each of these points he speaks some very pointed words, and it is not probable that they fell unheeded, or will be without effect. The disposition to believe whatever is printed in a newspaper, or to suppose that a word is true because it is "writ large," is one that ought to be mercilessly ridiculed and exposed. The power of the press is so enormous that the abuse of it should be rigorously punished, and such punishment is impossible if a foolish *esprit du corps* protects every offender. The press must chastise the press, and it is the perception of that fact which has given us this suggestive and admirable discourse of Mr. Fitch.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Archibald Forbes, who is coming to this country to lecture, has chosen as the title of his discourse, "The Emperors I have met."

—Professor Goldwin Smith says that the Liberal party in Great Britain have only two leaders, Gladstone and Bright, "who have any hold over the people, or whose names they even know." This is better than in the United States, where neither of the two leading political parties has any one whom it looks up to and acknowledges as leader.

—Earl Beaconsfield has declared to his friends that there are two things he wishes to do before he retires to private life—first, to settle the Eastern question on a permanent basis; and second, to promote a general disarmament.

—Lord Palmerston's literary papers have been placed in the hands of Mr. John Sheehan, with the view of publishing such memorials of him and personal observations made by him as may be suitable for that purpose.

—Aaron B. Hayes, of Utica, New York, is said to be the oldest bank cashier in the United States, having served in that capacity for forty-eight years.

—William Wortenboker, eighty years of age, has been librarian of the University of Virginia fifty-two years. His commission was signed by Thomas Jefferson.

—Like a good many other clever men in this somewhat imperfect terrestrial organization of ours, Prince Bismarck is not an early riser, and is fond of sitting up late at night, chatting over a bottle of wine or a glass of beer. It is said that nearly all his diplomatic negotiations for the last ten years have been transacted by him in a convivial way in the hours when good Americans purport to be in their minute couches.

—Mr. George W. Childs proposes to give to Long Branch a building to be used as a public library and museum. The Rev. Dr. Lockwood, of Freehold, New Jersey, has promised to the museum a valuable collection of Indian relics and minerals worth about $6000.

—The London *Athenæum* relates this instance of the late Mr. MacGahan's bravery and endurance: "Skobeleff, on one of his dashing excursions, was confronted by a river over which there was no bridge, and where a boat was not to be seen. How were the soldiers to be got over? MacGahan and Skobeleff held a council of war as to how the difficulty was to be overcome, and the decision was that they should both jump into the stream and swim across, and so show the men what they ought to do. Remember, too, that at the time he did this MacGahan was on crutches, with a leg bound up in splints.... To his unflinching bravery and splendid intellectual gifts was joined perfect modesty. It was with some difficulty you could get him to say any thing as to himself. Whenever he did make any allusion to his triumphs, it was in a tone almost of self-mockery."

—The Rev. Frederick Freeman, now seventy-three years of age, and living in Illinois, is the only survivor of the party which made the first trip from New York to Albany in Fulton's first steamboat. The speed was at the rate of five miles per hour.

—Mr. C. C. Fulton, editor of the Baltimore *American*, writes from Rome that the Roman markets are all out in the open air, and the provisions for sale are in the smallest possible quantities—just as much as the vendor can bring on his own head or on the back of a donkey. A great many vendors perambulate the streets, and their cries are shrill and varied. Some idea may be formed of the poverty among the people by the fact that a chicken is cut up and sold in quarters. You can buy a leg, or a wing, or a breast, or take the whole bird, at your option. We have watched a butcher selling half a pound of meat, and the fruiterers selling half a pound of cherries. Some of our housewives who take half a dozen baskets with them to market would be surprised to see heads of families carrying home their marketing in a small lunch basket, with one or two small bunches of cherries on top. The provisions for sale are spread out in baskets on the pavements, there being no market-houses, though there is an abundance of small vegetable and fruit stands in all parts of the city, each with about as much of a stock on hand as could be packed in a wheelbarrow. In fact, Rome can be said to have no markets, all manner of provisions being peddled around.

—General Grant has begun again, in Holland, with all the freshness and *éclat* with which he started out in England. On reaching the Hague our minister dined him, and gave him the wine of the country. Next day the members of the diplomatic corps charged on him, and in the evening the Minister of Foreign Affairs went at him with more dinner. Next morning a visit to Prince Frederick, uncle of the king, and a heavy lunch and a drive. Then came a parade of a portion of the troops of Holland, which was very Dutch and very good. After this he took train for Rotterd—m, where the Burgomaster clutched him, carted him off, and gave him more dinner. Next day he took his bag and marched on Amsterd—m, where he was greeted by throngs of people, who carried on in a mildly wild sort of way, after which they gave him some dinner. He then went on to Berlin, and now the Prussians are having a shot at him.

—The breakfasts of Mr. Whistler, the American artist in England, are said, by a writer in the *World*, of London, to be great in little surprises. To such an extent are these carried "that one feels not only that the appearance of a deviled Colorado beetle may be reasonably expected, but that the peculiarly insinuating manners of the host might even induce one to swallow it. No such sacrifice, however, is expected of one, every succeeding dish being as palatable as it is original; and the three expectant gold-fish, as they swim to and fro in the flower-strewn Japanese bowl in the centre of the table, must be in a perfect flutter of excitement (if to be excited is given to fishes) as they wonder whether a savory morsel of Baltimore chicken (served up with hominy and bread sauce), a straying tomato, an errant mushroom, or an insubordinate ground-nut will next fall accidentally to their share as plates and dishes are handed in quick succession across the hospitable board by the enthusiastic host and his goodly company. The buckwheat cakes generally come last; they are brought in in relays, and are consumed by the disciples and admirers of Mr. Whistler and his school with sentiments very nearly approaching to religious reverence. They belong apparently to the same family as the crumpet, being hot, porous, and buttered; but their flavor is entirely a thing *aparté*, particularly when eaten with treacle, which, it seems, is their natural accompaniment."

—Mr. Thomas Carlyle is deeply aggrieved by the destruction of the old London churches. He writes to the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings: "I can have but little hope that any word of mine can help you in your good work of trying to save the Wren churches in the City from destruction; but my clear feeling is that it would be a sordid—nay, sinful—piece of barbarism to do other than religiously preserve these churches as precious heir-looms, many of them specimens of noble architecture, the like of which we have no prospect of ever being able to produce in England again."

—The Shah is reported to have bestowed upon M. Paul de Cassagnac the order of the Lion and the Sun.

—The Chinese minister to England has just given an elaborate entertainment at his London mansion, his wife receiving their guests in the toilet of a lady of rank in her country. This was the first occasion on which a Chinese lady has appeared in general society where gentlemen as well as ladies were present.

—Fanny Elssler, the once famous dancer, is now eighty-four years old.

—A little book, entitled the *Private Life of King Victor Emanuel*, has recently been published in Italy, and is very popular. The King was accustomed to rise at 4 o'clock A.M., and his life was as regular as a clock. He had fixed hours for receptions, walking, private audiences, for theatres (which he often visited, though he did not like music), and for reading, which he delighted in. Books concerning hunting and horses were his favorites. He dined at midnight before going to bed, and it was often his only meal. He wore the same clothes winter and summer. When he was seen with an overcoat on, he was sick. He detested a dress coat, and looked upon it as a democratic invention to confound master and servants in the same garb. He also disliked new hats, and only wore gloves when forced to, and then only on the left hand. He was never seen with an umbrella, and rode in an open carriage whether it snowed or rained. He was accustomed to go to the theatres in a loose coat, and preferred the popular theatres, where he could smoke, for he was only comfortable when with a cigar in his mouth.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

At a German Lutheran picnic, held at Ross Grove, on the Western Pennsylvania Railroad, on the 4th inst., during a violent thunder-storm, a large tree fell, killing ten persons and injuring fifteen.

A general uprising of the Indians in Oregon is feared. A dispatch to Governor Chadwick, on the 29th ult., calls for immediate help, as the savages had attacked Cañon City, and were pouring into John Day Valley.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Eastern Question: It is reported that the Berlin Congress has decided that Russia shall have that portion of Bessarabia which she lost in 1856, extending from the Pruth to the Kilia Valley. The Dobrudscha is to go to Roumania. The frontier of the new territory is to be advanced so as to run from the neighborhood of Silistria, without including that town, to Mangalia on the Black Sea. Roumania will thus acquire a fertile tract of country, and be established on both banks of the Danube. The Congress has recognized the independence of Roumania and Montenegro. It demanded that the former should establish religious equality. Servia is to be independent, with an addition of 192 square miles of territory, and 182,000 inhabitants. She will retain Nissa, but not Novi-Bazar, the Kopavnik defile forming the western frontier of the new territory. The Servian delegates declare themselves satisfied. The Montenegrins are dissatisfied, especially at obtaining nothing on the south. Antivari is to be a neutral port, but open to Austrian men-of-war. Austria is to occupy Bosnia and Herzegovina, and England is to take Cyprus. Greece is to be endowed with the fee-simple with reversion of Epirus and the shore of the Ægean Sea; and Russia, which has been pretending to be very submissive, is to be rewarded for her complaisance by certain concessions in the East not yet accurately understood. The Turkish representatives at first protested against the occupation of Bosnia and Herzegovina by the Austrians, but afterward assented, the Austrians having meanwhile given satisfactory explanations, and disclaimed any intention to annex the provinces. On the indemnity question England, France, and Italy refused to recognize priority for Russia's pecuniary claim. Russia disclaimed any intention of asking priority or of exacting territory instead of money. The free navigation, instead of the neutrality, of the Danube, is provided for. The Congress will elect a Prince of Bulgaria.—The British Antislavery Society has presented a memorial to Prince Bismarck requesting him to submit to the Congress a declaration that the slave-trade be henceforth regarded as piracy, and that slavery shall not be recognized as a legal institution by any of the states forming the Congress. The memorial states that the trade for the supply of Cuba and the Mohammedan countries causes a loss of 500,000 lives annually in Eastern Africa.—Fighting continues in the island of Crete. A dispatch from Athens, on the 1st inst., says a great battle has been fought at Canea, in which the Turks were victorious, capturing the insurgent positions. The losses on both sides were heavy.—Baker Pasha has been superseded by Faizi Pasha in the command of an army corps.

The French government has granted to 1269 Communists either remission or commutation of punishment, in honor of the Exposition fête.

The Greek ministry has resigned, in consequence of objection by the Premier to some promotions made by the Minister of War.

The British House of Commons, on the night of the 1st inst., read a second time the bill providing that all cattle imported from the continent of Europe be slaughtered at the point of debarkation, to prevent the spread of the plague.

All the persons arrested on suspicion of being concerned with Dr. Nobiling in his attempt upon the life of the German Emperor William have been discharged.

A portion of a tunnel near Schwelm, in Germany, fell in, on the 28th ult., and buried twenty-seven persons.

ANOTHER EASTERN QUESTION—THE IMPERIAL BENGAL TIGER ENTERING EUROPE.

AMONG ALIENS.

BY MRS. FRANCES E. TROLLOPE,
AUTHOR OF "PETTICOAT GOVERNMENT," "VERONICA," "ANNE FURNESS," "MABEL'S PROGRESS," "THE SACRISTAN'S HOUSEHOLD," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

IT seemed to have grown dark suddenly. I had had my eyes fixed on the glory of the sunset. The glow of crimson and purple and gold had died away behind the black dome of St. Peter's, and was succeeded by a long streak of orange-color, clear, intense, and solemn. One star glittered steel-bright above it, and the edges of the distant horizon were dim and vaporous. The profoundly pathetic beauty of those winter sunsets from the Pincian always moved me like a poem or a strain of solemn music. Every common street sound seemed to jar importunately with the serenity of the wondrous sky and the mournful stillness of the landscape beneath it. I had a feeling that the world ought to pause in its noisy whirl and be silent before that sunset. The air seemed to be vibrating with memories of the awful past, and that orange streak in the west to be intense with a mysterious meaning.

I had gazed at it until my eyes were dazzled, and when I turned them downward to the earth, I found that it was dark. It had been raining but an hour ago, and the pools of water all along the straight line of the Via Condotti, where the street lamps glittered in two converging rows, reflected, here and there, the lingering lights in the sky, while the houses on either hand were in blackest shadow.

"It is late!" I exclaimed to myself, as I drew my shawl closer against the chill evening air. "I must make haste home, or Lucy will be uneasy."

"Home" was not far distant. We lived in a street running steeply up hill from the Via Sistina, in a little lodging on the topmost story. That was all the better in Rome, they said; one was out of the malaria. I did not much concern myself with fears of the malaria (though, indeed, for Lucy's sake, it was well to take what precautions we could; Lucy was not so hardy as I), but the topmost story suited us in various ways. In the first place it suited our purses, which were slender. Then we had, from one window of our sitting-room, a glimpse across the house-tops of the distant Campagna, and nearly an hour more daylight than our neighbors on the lower floors. I climbed quickly up the long steep stairs, and opened our door with my key. Contrary to my expectation there was no light in the room which served us for drawing-room, study, boudoir, and dining-room, all in one. Lucy had not yet come home, then. A few logs smouldered in the open stove, as I had left them, and the lamp stood ready on the table. I struck a light and fastened the shutters, and blew at the smouldering wood until it blazed cheerfully. It made the shabby room look so pleasant and home-like that I said aloud, although I was quite alone, "How I wish Lucy would come home and enjoy it!"

Then I sat down to finish a little study in black and white that I had been making from a plaster cast. I had my work all ready laid out on the table before me, and began to draw. In those days I never knew how time went when once I had my pencil in my hand; and, indeed, it is much the same with me now. I went on working until I was roused by a violent gust of wind, which made the windows rattle. Windows rattle easily in Rome, where the panes of glass are generally loosely fixed into the wooden frames, and where wood-work as a rule is made in a crazy, clumsy fashion. But this was a really strong blast of wind. I heard it howl and moan as it swept round the corner of our street. Some drops of rain, too, struck against the glass. The thought that Lucy was out in such wild weather, while I was warm in-doors, made me shudder sympathetically. I looked at my watch, and was startled to find that it marked a quarter past six o'clock. I had been drawing for more than an hour, and Lucy not yet returned! She ought to have been at home long ago. The Palazzo Corleoni, where she went to give lessons in English, was down in the more central part of Rome, near the great church of the Gesù. But that was no distance for a good walker with young active limbs like Lucy. Besides, she had never been so late before. I was uneasy. It was in vain that I held my crayon firmly and continued to stare at my plaster model. The lines would not come rightly. My head was anxious and preoccupied, and refused to guide my blundering hand. I threw down the bit of black chalk impatiently.

At that moment the crack-voiced bell began to tinkle, and I ran to open the door, and there stood Lucy with her little gauze veil clinging to her face with moisture, and drops of rain glistening on her cloak. I unclasped the cloak from her shoulders as she stood, and shook it, and then drew her into the sitting-room.

"What a nice fire you have!" she said, in her fresh, clear voice. "I'm a little late, am I not, Catherine?"

A lump came up into my throat, and I felt angry at the same time. It hurt me to find her so easy and unconcerned, and talking so carelessly of being "a little late," when I had been suffering real pangs of anxiety about her. Yes; I had been frightened; and I only knew how oppressive the vague thronging fears had been when I saw her standing safe before me.

"A little late," I answered, dryly, and bade her sit down by the fire and unlace her wet boots at once, while I went back to my drawing. But the pencil would not obey me even now. I felt the tremor of one who is suddenly made aware of a horrible danger escaped. What if Lucy had not come home safe! The thought made my heart sick. I conjured up all sorts of catastrophes which might have befallen her, furtively watching her from my place as she sat in the shine of the fire. Her hair had got loose, and fell in wavy curly locks on to one shoulder, and there were rain-drops glistening on its clear soft brown. She had very pretty hair—hair of that rare kind which looks picturesque in disorder. Her cheeks and her delicate little nose were pink with the cold, and her pretty small hands were red and numbed, as she sat fumbling with chill fingers at the damp boot-lace. She seemed almost the same little Lucy who used to come to me for help in her struggles with rebellious buttons and complicated strings in our nursery days. And all at once she lifted up her blue eyes with the very same innocent helpless look I remembered in them when she was three years old, and said, "I'm afraid I can't undo it, Catherine; my fingers are *so* cold."

I knelt down before her and unfastened the damp boots and drew them off, and her stockings too, and rubbed her feet with a dry towel.

"Thank you, Catherine dear," she said; "but it is a shame that you should do that. I can manage now by myself."

Then finding that I went on chafing her cold little feet without making her any answer, she said, timidly, "You ain't vexed with me about any thing, are you, Catty dear?"

"I am vexed with myself for having been so foolish as to be frightened," said I, speaking very curtly, and keeping my head bent down.

"Frightened? Why? About me?"

"You are not usually an hour late; and when one is alone one gets nervous and fanciful, I suppose."

"An hour late! Oh, you must be mistaken, Catherine. They did keep me a little, but not so long as that. It's impossible."

I held up my watch, and she looked at it in amazement. "Oh, my poor Catherine," she exclaimed, putting her arms round my neck and her soft cheek against mine, "how sorry I am! I know how frightened I should be if you did not come home punctually—only you are always punctual."

I kissed her without letting her find out that there were tears in my eyes. I could not give any good reason to myself for their being there. But I had felt an unusual sense of melancholy and apprehension on me all the evening. The very sunset had seemed more intensely sad than usual; and to me its beauty is always sad. But such waves of emotion, if they can not be altogether resisted, are best borne in silence. I hold my breath and keep still, and the tide flows over me and passes away.

Lucy brightened up immediately when I kissed her. Her affectionate nature could not endure that there should be a cloud between us. And indeed there had never come a cloud that a word could not dispel.

"And did you work late at the studio?" she asked. "And was old Signor Sandro very cross?"

"Yes; and no."

"No? *I* believe he is always cross. He would frighten me to death. But you have more courage. Oh, how beautifully you are finishing this chalk study!"

And so she chatted on while I filled the little tin tea-kettle with water and set it on the fire to boil, and got the tea-things ready. We allowed ourselves the luxury of tea in an evening. It reminded us of England, and that perhaps was the chief reason why I liked it.

"And now, Lucy," said I, when we were seated at the table, "now that you are thawed, you must tell me what made you so late. It must not happen again, my child. I don't like your being out in the streets so late alone."

"I am not afraid, Catherine."

"That is not the whole question."

"And besides, you often are out by yourself later than this. Don't you remember, when I had the sore throat, how you went all the way to the chemist's close to the Popolo, and it was nearly ten o'clock, and you said—"

"That's very different, Lucy."

"Why?"

"Because—a young girl alone in the streets might be molested, or at least annoyed."

"And what are you, then, Catty—an old woman? One would think you were eighty to hear you talk! But, after all, you are only six years older than I am."

"Never mind all that now, Lucy. We will finish that discussion another time. You have not answered my question as to how it came to pass that you are so late."

"Oh, they kept me at Palazzo Corleoni. I mean they asked me to stay a little while."

"I think the Princess ought to know better. I am sure you well earn your poor little pay in an hour. It is too bad to ask for more work out of you, Lucy."

"Oh, it wasn't the Princess. Besides, I don't grudge a little extra time, dear."

"Not the Princess? Who was it, then?"

"It was Donna Laura and her brother."

"What had *he* to do with it?"

"Oh, he came in with a copy of a letter that he wanted translated into English, and Donna Laura said would I help her, just to oblige her brother. And I said yes."

"What was the letter about?"

"Merely a business letter, about sending a horse he has bought—Don Vittorio has bought—from England. I didn't mind doing it at all, Catherine dear."

I did not like the proceeding at all, and I said so. They were not above asking a favor, these

"SHE HAD HER HEAD BENT DOWN OVER DON VITTORIO'S LETTER."

great people, although their supercilious manner was incessantly reminding us that between the noble and princely house of Corleoni and two obscure English girls who were trying to earn a living there was a great gulf fixed. Be it so. For my part, I felt no yearning to bridge over the gulf, having my own opinion as to which side of it was the preferable one. But I did not approve of these new advances on the part of Donna Laura's brother. I could not help suspecting that he might have managed to get his letter translated without having recourse to his sister's English teacher, had he chosen to do so. I sat thinking, and, I suppose, frowning over my thoughts, for Lucy said, "I am sorry you are displeased, dear. And you look so stern that I am almost afraid to give you Donna Laura's message."

"A message for me? More innovations!"

"She sent you her compliments, and asked if you would be so very kind as to go to the Palazzo with me next Wednesday to look at some drawings of hers. And I—I think she wants you to do some for her."

"I should like to send word back that I only work for love or money, and therefore am obliged to refuse my services to Donna Laura de Principi Bastiani-Corleoni."

"Oh, you wouldn't do that, Catherine?"

"No. But I should enjoy it. However, I can not afford such luxuries as that. What is it all about? Do you know? If so, give me a full account, Lucy mine."

"Well, if you won't mind my rambling a little, because when my head is very full of different things, they never will come out exactly in order."

"No, no. Ramble away, pussy dear."

Then she told me that there was to be a grand bazar or fancy fair, in aid of a pious institution in which the ladies of the Roman aristocracy were interested. It was to be a very grand bazar indeed. The Pope approved it, and had promised a silver vase as his contribution, which was to be raffled for. Cardinals and Monsignori smiled benevolently on the project. All the noble ladies—all those, that is to say, whose families held to the ancient *régime*, and were good *Papalini*—were working for it, and nobody who had even looked at the outside of the Quirinal since the year 1870 was to be allowed to have a hand in it on any pretense whatever. Among the chief promoters of it was the Princess Bastiani-Corleoni. She was to hold a stall with her eldest daughter Donna Laura. Donna Laura had some little reputation as an amateur artist, and her contributions to the stock in trade were to consist of water-color sketches, painted fans and screens, and objects of that sort. I was wanted to assist in doing some of these things, and should, of course, be paid for my work. The "of course" was Lucy's. I did not feel sure that Donna Laura intended to pay me. But I was firmly resolved that I would make no pencil stroke without payment. I mused a little over the proposition.

"You will come, won't you, Catherine? For my sake. It would be so disagreeable for me to have to tell them that you refused."

"I will tell you what I'll do, Lucy: I will consult Signor Sandro, and if he says 'Go,' I will go."

"Signor Sandro is sure to advise you not to go. I know he is."

"Why, pray?"

"Because he's so crabbed and cross. And, besides, he is a Red Republican, and he was exiled in the '48, and—and—I *know* he won't let you go."

I was a little surprised at Lucy's political information. But I let the subject drop then, and our talk drifted away to other things—drifted to our childish days, as it so often did; to the pretty home in a suburb of a great English town, where we had been born and bred; to the time when my father brought home a second wife—Lucy's mother—a gentle, soft creature, whom my brother and I were determined to hate before we saw her, and whom we adored and petted and ruled over before she had been a week in the house; to Lucy's self as a tiny blue-eyed baby, with the patientest, most plaintive little face, whom I held in my arms when I was little more than a baby myself. Her mother died when my half-sister was barely a twelvemonth old, and Lucy loved to hear me talk of the sweet dead mother whom she had no remembrance of. And now our father was dead too, and our only brother in South America fighting his way up in the world, and we two—it seemed strange, even after a twelvemonth, as we spoke of it—were in Rome.

And then we talked of the future: how I was to paint a great picture, which should take the world by storm, and be hung on the line at the Academy by unanimous acclamation of the Hanging Committee the moment it was seen; and how I was to build the most artistic house that ever had been conceived, and fill it with beautiful old furniture and tapestry and china; and how my studio was to be besieged by eager buyers; and how I was never to accept a commission, "even for hundreds of pounds," as Lucy said (her ideas of the value of money were very rudimentary in those days, and I believe a hundred pounds stood in her mind as an algebraic x, or symbol of an unknown quantity), unless I thoroughly liked the subject, and felt it to be worthy of artistic treatment.

Generally Lucy's part in these prophetic visions was to marry somebody "very nice," and have a charming house near mine—not too artistic, for Lucy had private objections to certain dull blues, and dingy greens, and tattered hangings, which she had heard painters incomprehensibly admire—and several lovely children whose portraits I was to paint. But to-night—I thought of it after she had gone to bed—she said no word as to her own future.

CHAPTER II.

SIGNOR SANDRO did not dissuade me from going to the Palazzo Corleoni. He smiled a little grimly when he heard of the works of art in preparation for the bazar.

"I suppose you are to do the work, and the Principessina is to take all the praise," said he.

"I care nothing about the praise, master; but I can not afford to work without pay. I might be studying, doing something to improve myself, instead of daubing on pasteboard screens. And if I give up my time to Donna Laura, I must have some equivalent."

"You don't consider 'the honor' to be an equivalent?" asked Signor Sandro, looking over his maul-stick at me, with his gray bushy eyebrows drawn together.

"Not in the least. I think I understand pretty well what that honor is worth."

"I think you do, Caterina," returned my master; and he took a pinch of snuff with a long-drawn sniff of satisfaction.

"I don't much like the Corleonis," said I. "They impose on Lucy. They pay her very poorly, and get more work out of her than is just. She is such a soft-hearted, grateful little creature that a kind word will make her do any thing."

Signor Sandro shrugged his shoulders. "If you make yourself a sheep, the wolf will eat you," he answered, dryly. He was a good man, but he was not quite free from the national tendency to confound soft-heartedness with thick-headedness. He was theoretically intolerant and contemptuous of people who allowed themselves to be imposed upon. But in practice he was the gentlest of beings, and little children tyrannized over him confidently.

We went on working in silence for a while, and then he said, "No; I see no reason why you should not go and earn a few francs at Palazzo Corleoni. The Princess is not a bad woman—bigoted and prejudiced, but not a bad woman. I remember her very handsome, too, thirty years ago. They tell me she has taken to devotion in these days, but still"—with a quaint apologetic inflection of voice, and with perfect seriousness—"*still* I don't think she's a bad woman."

So I consented to go to the Palazzo Corleoni on the next Wednesday. I had been there once or twice before to settle Lucy's engagement as English teacher. It is a splendid edifice, with a noble court-yard and staircase, all on the vast scale seen only in Rome. But it is chill and gloomy despite its grandeur. If one had to paint it, one would spread crimson cloth over the marble steps, and populate them with figures in picturesque mediæval costume, to give some idea of warmth and life. The withered old porter at the entrance, in his silver-laced livery and cocked hat, looked misanthropically out on to the street from under the cavernous archway. All the inmates of Palazzo Corleoni looked misanthropic when their eyes were turned toward the street. That was the tone of their party, the proper thing to do. The outer world was changed and abominable since the year 1870, and not to be contemplated without disgust. Even the great tortoise-shell cat, licking his whiskers in the midst of one small patch of sunshine in the court-yard, had a Tartuffian air of victimhood.

The Prince and Princess Bastiani-Corleoni did not occupy the whole of their huge palace, nor half, nor a quarter of it. The first floor was let to a foreign cardinal of great wealth, and the third to a rich American family, who paid highly for the privilege of putting the address of the Palazzo Corleoni on their visiting-cards. The Prince and Princess themselves inhabited a suite of rooms in the second story. This suite of rooms, however, ran along the whole front and one wing of the palace, and had as many cubic feet of space in it as would have furnished forth two or three London mansions. The Corleonis were not very rich in proportion to their rank, but they contrived to keep up a wonderful show of outward grandeur.

Lucy and I toiled up the long marble staircase to the second story, and, in answer to her modest little ring, were admitted into a large and lofty entrance hall, with great swinging leathern doors, such as you see in Continental churches. Gloom, cold, and *ennui* seemed to inhabit that entrance hall. The marble pavement shot out icy gleams here and there in the subdued light. A vast carved settee of time-blackened walnut-wood nearly filled one side of the hall, and on the other was an antique marble chimney-piece rising half-way to the vaulted roof; but the hearth beneath it was walled up, and a brazier full of wood ashes set in the middle of the floor mocked numbed fingers and chill feet with a miserable pretense of warmth. Beyond the leather door at the further end of this vestibule there was an antechamber, carpeted and curtained, and therefore less inhuman in its aspect than the outer hall, but still bearing the impress of a formal rigidity devoid of all that goes to make up home. After that came a long suite of reception-rooms, which the beneficent sun himself had touched with some genial kindness, and whose atmosphere, therefore, a little thawed one's spirits, frozen by that terrible northwest passage through the hall and antechamber. But as for "home," these rooms, too, proclaimed their ignorance of that blessed word in every fold of their stiff velvet draperies, in every glittering ray from their gilded picture-frames, in every line of their satin chairs and couches disposed at right angles with each other, and their ormolu tables unacquainted with books, and adorned chiefly with the tawdry, faded *bonbonnières* levied last New-Year's Day by more or less voluntary contribution from the Princess's bachelor acquaintance. A grand piano-forte, left open in one corner of a huge, tasteless, gorgeous saloon, seemed to show its teeth at us. The whole atmosphere of the place depressed and chilled me, and I said as much to Lucy, as we marched side by side through the rooms in the wake of the servant who was to announce us.

"Oh!" said she, with a little look of surprise and disappointment, "I always think this suite is so splendid! And it is never very cold here, Catherine, so that must be your fancy. The sun shines on this side of the house all day long."

"Then it is the moral climate that does not agree with me."

"'Sh, dear! Here we are at the school-room."

We entered a room somewhat smaller than the others, but still of ample size, looking on to the court-yard. It had a few squares of common drugget disposed here and there on the brick floor, a horrible blue and yellow paper on the walls, and at one end a glazed book-case filled with school-books. On a large square table in the middle of the room stood a common office inkstand and a pounce-box, whose contents were spilled about over the green baize table-cover. There were also two or three exercise books, a dictionary, and a litter of papers. Such was the "still-life" of the picture.

Two little girls, with long growing limbs like young colts, sallow faces, and soft dark eyes, sat at the table engaged with their lessons. In the embrasure of one of the windows was set an easel, and in front of the easel stood Donna Laura Corleoni, the eldest daughter of the house. She was a handsome girl, with a fine rich tint in her cheeks like the tone of a damask rose, glossy dark hair, white teeth, and a pair of rather small but very vivacious black eyes. Her figure was singularly upright, and the carriage of her head in particular so erect as to give her the air of perpetually looking over an invisible stiff cravat at one, which injured the grace of her appearance in my eyes.

She came forward and greeted us, speaking English with considerable fluency and perfect self-confidence. Her manner was not unpleasant, except for an odd strain in it which I find it difficult to describe, but which I felt distinctly; she spoke to me and looked at me with an undisguised frank air of examination, as who should say, "Now let me see what *you* are like!" but with no more apparent conception that she herself was exposed to an answering examination than one might feel in contemplating some strange animal.

"These are my drawings, you see," she said. "But there is not time for me to finish all before the bazar. I have still three screens and a box in *carton* which need to be painted, and these we must have by the end of the month. It is so important that mamma's stall be well filled, you know."

I could not perceive that it was of any importance to me whether the Princess's stall were full or empty, so I merely bowed my head and said nothing. Donna Laura looked at me with her quick black eyes as if she expected me to speak; but finding that I remained silent, she went on: "Well, you see what is to do, Meess Wilson. And for my own sketches, if you have some advice to give—"

This was rather an awkward question. There was ability in the young lady's work—a certain decision and sense of effect. Indeed, there was so much proof of ability that the temptation passed through my mind to give her the sincerest advice I could, which would have been to throw all these things on the fire, lock up her color-box for six months, and begin to study drawing seriously. But, of course, such an utterance on my part was out of the question. I limited myself to that portion of the matter which immediately concerned me, and answered: "I do not know whether you will think it worth while to employ me to paint these screens, Donna Laura. My time is of some value, and perhaps, as it is for a charity, you might prefer to get some friend to assist you who has leisure to do this sort of thing gratis."

Lucy colored and looked nervous at this plain speaking, but Donna Laura displayed no such sensitiveness.

She replied: "Oh, we would like that they should be very well done, because mamma's stall will be one of the best. You will talk with mamma by-and-by about the price. Now tell me, would you line this with red silk or blue silk?"

I drew nearer to the light, and was bending down my head to consider the point when I heard the door open and some one come into the room. Thinking it might be the Princess, I turned round to look, and saw Don Vittorio Corleoni.

I knew him well enough by sight. He was to be seen on the Pincian every afternoon at the fashionable hour in the fashionable season; and once or twice in the spring, when I was making a study near the tomb of Cecilia Metella, I had seen him pass by on horseback. He rode well, and I had remarked him and his horse as a handsome pair of animals. He did not look quite so well off his horse as on it, for his legs—pitilessly displayed by the tight-fitting, fashionable trousers that he wore—appeared weak and "weedy," like the limbs of a rickety child. But his face was undoubtedly very handsome. He had sharply cut features, a clear pale skin, hair and whiskers arranged after the English fashion, and of that rich blonde hue which one sees in Venetian pictures, and a pair of eyes like sapphires. A very handsome face, in truth, but one which I disliked and mistrusted with an irresistible repulsion. The leading characteristic which stamped it was, I should say, a cruel, thin-lipped sort of sensuality. The forehead was rather weak, but not dull. What those sapphire-blue eyes did see they saw clearly, microscopically—accurately perceptive of the animalcules in a glass of water, hopelessly blind to the stars. Let no one appeal to that face for sympathy with the higher sentiments!—it did not believe in their existence. But still, inasmuch as a sane human creature can scarcely exist without some grain of imagination, I discovered later that even Don Vittorio Corleoni possessed a small modicum of that faculty, and he expended it all on one object—the greatness and prosperity of the princely house of Bastiani-Corleoni. That was his ideal in life. Every thing else that he recognized could be touched or tasted.

Donna Laura asked her brother what he wanted, with her brisk, martinet air, which contrasted oddly with his feline quietude of manner and soft drawling voice. What did he want? He wanted a letter deciphered and translated, another letter from the horse-dealer in Yorkshire. Could Laura do it? If not, perhaps Meess Lucy would be kind enough?

"Meess Lucy" held out her hand for the letter with alacrity. "Oh, I shall be very glad. It is no trouble at all," she murmured, shyly. There was a tremulous smile on her lips and a light in her innocent eyes which gave me a dull pain at the heart.

"This is Meess Lucy's sister, Meess Wilson," said Donna Laura, speaking in Italian, and indicating me to her brother with a wave of the hand.

Don Vittorio drew his heels close together, and made me a grave formal bow. I was conscious that my salutation in return was stiff and awkward. I was altogether ill at ease. After one cool glance of inspection, Don Vittorio withdrew his attention from me altogether; that is to say, he withdrew his eyes from me. But I felt that he observed me furtively. From that moment, whenever we two met, we watched one another mistrustfully.

"You must not interrupt us, Vittorio," said Donna Laura. "We are very busy, Meess Wilson and I. And you know how important it is that mamma's stall should be splendid. I can not attend to you now. Meess Wilson and I are going to mamma to speak of business. Come, Meess Wilson. Make haste with your letter, Vittorio. You know you waste the children's English hour with all this tiresome affair of your horse. And mamma would not be pleased if she knew it."

Donna Laura walked off, motioning me to follow her. I had no choice but to do so. "I shall come back here before I go away, Lucy," I said, quickly. Lucy did not hear me. She had her head bent down over Don Vittorio's letter, while that patrician gentleman stood very near the school table, stroking his youngest sister's hair, and gazing admiringly at Lucy's delicate little hand as it lay on the green cloth under his eyes.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE AMERICANS AT HENLEY.

ON our front page will be found several sketches of the beautiful English town on the Thames where the American crews, the Columbias and the Sho-wae-cae-mettes, achieved such distinction in the recent regatta. Henley, the oldest town in Oxfordshire, is thirty-five miles northwest from London, and is a typical sleepy English town, whose only life is during regatta week, coming once a year, its only other relief from absolute stagnation being the weekly market-day, when for a few hours its one street of any importance or business is thronged with burly farmers, bleating sheep, and lowing herds. The Thames is nowhere more beautiful or picturesque than at this point. Beyond the west bank rise the wooded heights of the Chiltern Hills, between which and the river-bank are level fields, as green as only English fields can be, divided by thick hedge-rows. This bank is heavily fringed with alder bushes, that intercept any good view of the course from it. Along the whole length of the course on the east bank, however, runs a capital carriage road, and it is here, in carriages, on horseback, and on foot, that the greatest crowds gather to witness the races. The old stone bridge shown in one of our illustrations also accommodates hundreds who care more for the finish than for the race, and can not afford a seat on the stewards' stand. The little wooded island in the middle of the river at the starting-point is called Temple Island, and on it the several crews make their final preparations just before starting.

The Henley Regatta is rowed up stream a mile and five-sixteenths, from just above Temple Island to a point near Henley Bridge. For a mile the course is almost straight, but near the mile-post the river bends sharply to the left, which gives a slight advantage to a boat starting on the Berkshire side. It is estimated that the inner side of the course is shorter by nearly a boat-length than the outer side.

The regatta was held on the 4th and 5th of July. The race for the Diamond Sculls, between GEORGE W. LEE, of the Triton Club, Newark, and EDWARDES-MOSS, the present holder of the prize, was the first in which the Americans were interested. It was a well-contested and spirited race, and LEE would have won had he not unfortunately stopped within twenty feet from the finish, under the impression that he had crossed the line. Two more strokes would have carried him safely over. Moss kept on, and won by less than a quarter of a length.

The next event of the day was the first trial heat for the Stewards' Challenge Cup. The Columbia crew took the inside position, the Dublin University was in the middle, and the Sho-wae-cae-mettes the outer side. At the start the Dublin crew took the lead; but the Sho-wae-cae-mettes soon pressed to the front, and the Columbias, rowing in grand form, rapidly lessened the distance between them and the Dublins. As they rounded the point the Dublins steered in-shore, crashing into the Columbia just as the latter was beginning to head the Irish crew, and this in spite of the shouts of the umpire: "Dublin, take your right course!" The two boats disentangled themselves, and when they did so the Columbia was leading the Dublin. Long before this the "Shoes" had taken a decided lead, having made up what they lost at first by a uniform stroke of 46 from the start. At the time of the foul, which occurred at the end of the mile, they were one length and a quarter ahead of the fouling crews. Upon witnessing the foul, the "Shoes'" bow gave an order to "ease all," and dropping their stroke to 40, the crew proceeded easily, the NADEAU brothers pulling with one hand several lengths, and waving their red caps in answer to cheers on shore, notwithstanding the

other crews had cleared. Opposite the grand stand the "Shoes" raised their stroke to 48, to afford the spectators an exhibition of their powers, and passed the line many lengths ahead, in the unusual time of 8.04. Paddling to their boat-house, the "Shoes" sprang upon the float with agility, cheerily offering to row the race over again if necessary. They were altogether as fresh as when they started. The Columbias were also very fresh on leaving their boat, and made a claim to be allowed to row again in the final heat; but this was disallowed by the stewards, on the ground that the "Shoes" were so far ahead that they could not have been caught. The Dublins did not deny the foul, which was allowed in favor of the Columbias.

The second trial heat for the Stewards' Cup was won by the London Rowing Club in 8.23, the Jesus College (Cambridge) crew not rowing over the course, in order to save themselves for the final contest with the Columbias for the Visitors' Challenge Cup. The time of the "Shoes" was 8.04. It stood thus on the stewards' time-book for two hours, but after the London Rowing Club's time was announced the "Shoes'" time was changed on the book to 8.21.

The most exciting event of the first day was the first heat for the Visitors' Challenge Cup. For this the University College crew of Oxford had the inside position, the Columbia crew the second, and the Jesus College crew of Cambridge the outside place. The crews got off in fine style, Columbia in the centre, making it the best of all. Leading a little at the quarter mile, the Columbias kept forging ahead, steering a beautiful course. At the half mile the University and Jesus College boats were about a length behind. This advantage the Columbias continued to increase, until at the three-quarters of a mile they were seen to shoot over to the Berks shore, taking the University's water without trouble. The steering of the Columbia boat here was simply beyond praise. At the same time the Jesus College crew made a dash at Columbia, and for a moment another foul seemed inevitable. One of the stewards cried out, "That was a deliberate drive at Columbia!" The oars did almost touch; but the crews then straightened out, Columbia leading a length, and rowing a quick, sharp stroke of 40 in excellent form. The University crew was out of the race, but the Jesus College men now spurted magnificently. The last quarter mile was intensely exciting, the friends of both crews urging them on, and above the yelling could be distinguished the peculiar cry of the Columbias. In spite of the Cambridge crew's splendid rowing (this crew being composed of four of the last University eight), Columbia passed the post two lengths ahead, in 8.17, with the Oxford boat a bad third.

The second trial heat for the Visitors' Challenge Cup was won by the Hertford College crew of Oxford, and the final heat was rowed the next day by that crew and the Columbias. Both crews rowed brilliantly, and for a short distance the race was hotly contested. But the Columbias suddenly passed their antagonists, while the Hertfords dashed into the bank. The American boys reached the finish about half a mile ahead of the Englishmen. The victors were cheered enthusiastically, and their success was particularly gratifying to the Americans among the spectators. This heat decided the contest for the Visitors' Challenge Cup in favor of the Columbia College crew.

In the final heat for the Stewards' Cup one of the Sho-wae-cae-mettes was unfortunately taken ill in the boat, and they stopped rowing before the finish was reached. But their splendid rowing the day before was sufficient to establish their reputation as oarsmen even in the eyes of the English public. The victory of the Columbia crew excited the greatest enthusiasm among the Americans abroad, and the news of their magnificent achievement was received here with universal satisfaction.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE recent exploration of an ancient pot-stone quarry on land owned by JOHN B. WIGGINS at Chula, in Amelia County, Virginia, has revealed interesting facts regarding some aboriginal methods of mining and working that material.

One morning in September of 1872, while walking over a slight wooded eminence on his farm, Mr. WIGGINS discovered a large bowlder of coarse though exceedingly pure steatite. Digging down to the base of this bowlder, he ascertained that it rested upon an extensive ledge of the same material, and, moreover, that this ledge had been largely worked by the Indians in procuring soap-stone for the manufacture of their cooking vessels, etc. Specimens of these, with massive blocks of the steatite itself, were exhibited by the Smithsonian Institution in its unrivalled display of archæology and mineralogy at the Philadelphia Exposition. Greatly interested in the archæological bearings of Mr. WIGGINS's discovery, the Smithsonian Institution detailed Mr. FRANK H. CUSHING, an assistant in the National Museum, to make a careful examination and report of the locality, and the month of May, 1878, was spent by him on the work, to be completed later in the summer.

According to a partial report by Mr. CUSHING, the surface indications of aboriginal mining were very slight. They consisted merely of circular depressions, varying in diameter from ten to fifty feet, and having a central depth of only a few inches. By the removal of earth from a triangular space covering about two-thirds of the largest of these depressions, to the depth of from three to six feet, the worked portion of the quarry was revealed. All over this exposure were to be seen round or oblong hollows from which the material for pots had been taken, or the beginnings of such depressions in the form of wide ring-like grooves encompassing sugar-loaf-shaped masses of rock. In some instances these masses were formed nearly like the outside of a finished vessel, being provided at either end with the beginning of a knob-like protuberance not unlike the ear of a tureen.

The method followed in detaching these conical masses was to cut as far under the base as possible, and then with a maul of the same material to separate them by gentle blows from the stem-like supports thus formed. In no case is it evident that they were cut out right side up, nor does it appear that they were ever hollowed while still attached to the parent bed.

The direction and inclination of cleavage planes in the ledge indicate a point near the centre of the main excavation as the place of original outcrop. It was here presumably that the Indians discovered and first began to mine the soap-stone, and where they descended, as a supply of it became necessary, nearly seven feet, apparently without realizing that only about thirty inches below the surface of the soil it was to be found in all directions from this central point. Having thus reached the greatest depth possible with the rude implements at their command, they began to get vessels out from the sides of this original cut, gradually extending their operations over a large area of rock surface.

From the fact that remains of ordinary grooved stone axes and mauls were found only in this portion of the quarry it appears that at first these were the implements employed. As shown by fragments, however, these primitive quarrymen often spoiled, in cutting one of the grooves above described, an instrument which had cost them the expenditure of much more time and exertion than the manufacture of an entire vessel. In consequence, we find that they resorted to roughly chipped pick-like points of massive quartz, which in all other parts of the quarry were exceedingly numerous. Procuring fragments of this quartz from the original Indian diggings for this material two miles away, Mr. CUSHING chipped out within seven minutes, and with another piece of the same stone, a pick indistinguishable in form from the primitive ones. Properly hafting this with a sapling withe, he found little difficulty in picking out several grooves in the face of the ledge.

With nothing better than their rude digging sticks, hardened in fire, or, as was rarely the case, pointed with deer horn, the aborigines did not care to remove soil from more than a few feet of rock surface at a time. The first excavation having been made, it was necessary, in getting a new working face, merely to loosen the earth and throw it back into this. Thus it happens that the surface indications of mining are so very slight, time enough having elapsed since the abandonment of the quarry for the entire levelling by natural causes of the irregularities resulting from the method of digging described.

Regarding the aboriginal possession of this mine, it seems clear that, unlike the "red pipe-stone quarries" at Coteau des Prairies, Minnesota, it was worked by a single tribe or family, the Indians of the immediate neighborhood. This inference we base upon a single fact: neither in the vicinity of the quarry nor in the camp grounds of the whole surrounding country do finished vessels occur. That these vessels were used in the rough by the people who quarried them, however, is shown by two small cups found buried in the mud on either side of a spring near the mine. These cups were quite as rude and unfinished as any, yet it can not be doubted that they had once served as drinking vessels. From this it would appear that these ancient people quarried the rock in the manner described, blocked out vessels just sufficiently to meet their rude wants, and used them in this condition until some wandering tribe from distant parts demanded them in trade, when, on account of the material of which they were made, they would command nearly as great a price as though weeks had been expended in elaborating them. Thus it was left to the purchaser to scrape down and ornament his wares as best suited his savage fancy; and this, as shown by fragments presently to be described, he rarely failed to do.

Like the "red pipe-stone quarry," the steatite mine supplied an extended aboriginal trade. This is forcibly shown by the occurrence in South Carolina of a vessel unquestionably derived from this quarry, by highly finished fragments of vessels of the same coarse-grained soapstone found in the camp grounds of the District of Columbia, and by occasional fragments which wandered in savage barter as far north as the lake camps of Central New York.

We need not ask why this coarse pot-stone should have been so greatly in demand among the Indians. Aside from the ease with which it can be cut, it resists sudden changes of temperature in the most wonderful way, and this property alone would render vessels made of it far preferable to the frail earthenware in ordinary use.

In order to preserve a representative of this interesting memorial of aboriginal history, Mr. CUSHING made a model of his excavations, showing on an exact scale the Indian cuttings described.

The quarry of Mr. WIGGINS promises to furnish an almost inexhaustible supply of soapstone, or steatite, of the best quality, and available for all the purposes to which this useful material is applicable.

The Royal Geographical Society of London has in contemplation the construction of a manuscript map of the interior of Africa on a very large scale, on which the routes of all the western exploring expeditions can be plotted, and those under way can be very conveniently followed.

The German government some years ago instituted a commission for the investigation of the natural history of the German seas in their relation to commerce and the fisheries, covering a portion of the ground of the United States Fish Commission. This Commission consists of several eminent specialists, among them Drs. MEYER, MÖBIUS, KARSTEN, and HENSTON. Their reports of progress are published year by year, those for the years 1874, 1875, and 1876 having just come to hand. This is especially interesting on account of the elaborate monographs in regard to the German herring, containing much valuable information directly applicable to our own species, from which it is scarcely distinguishable.

The more important of these papers are on the spawning and development of the herring, on the varieties of herring, the food of the herring, the development of the herring in the egg, and observations on the growth of the herring.

Another paper of value is one on the temperature of the maximum density of distilled and sea-water.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

JULY came in with blazing heat. Indeed, for several days previous the sun had been scorching. The thermometer had sought and found the nineties. Oppressed denizens of the city fled in haste on their search for cooling shades. But from all quarters came the cry of "heated term." Even from among the mountain heights of New England reports of excessive heat swept like parching blasts across the minds of thousands who were hoping soon for comfortable retreats afar from the brick and stone of the metropolis. When the thermometer rises at Laconia, New Hampshire, to 98°, and at White River Junction, Vermont, to 102°, what is the use of going away from New York, where on the same day the mercury only succeeds in reaching 91°?

At the same time a wail of suffering came from Paris. The weather is termed "blazing hot," and the consequences of it "appalling." The passage from the Trocadéro to the Champs de Mars is denominated a "terrible ordeal," during which no sheltering tree is found, and no cooling drink can be obtained. The picture may be exaggerated—sufferers from hot weather are not noted for the use of simple, descriptive terms.

As a contrast to the condition of the average visitor at the Exhibition, the Paris correspondent of the New York *Herald* says (whether in joke or earnest it matters not, if the description proves cooling): "There is one person here who keeps perfectly cool. Frenchmen have seen him but to envy him. He is an American. He hails from New York, and is not unknown about the Court-house. He dresses in white duck, and wears a ventilator hat, in which the wonder-mongers falsely affirm he has a miniature windmill that goes by clock-work. He crossed on Friday from the Trocadéro to the Champ de Mars. He did not turn a hair. Over him he held a silk umbrella. He carried a palm-leaf fan. He walked, he smoked, and he fanned. Perspiring Frenchmen who met him on the journey declared he lowered the temperature as he passed. Englishmen, dressed in the sombre hues of their native land, mopped their foreheads and grew purple with envy. He was found later on at a table in front of the coolest restaurant, with a glass before him. Sprigs of mint, deliciously green, seemed growing out of miniature icebergs, to which an amber liquid gave an exquisite tint. There was also a straw. His chair was tilted back, and he occasionally wore his hat tilted down over his nose, as one in a pleasant dream. How he compassed all these things no one knows."

An archway in course of construction over the subway on Forty-second Street, near First Avenue, under the supervision of the Department of Public Works, recently fell by its own weight when the central support was withdrawn. One man was killed; but such an accident—if such it may be called—might easily have caused the death of hundreds. Evidently the arch was not properly constructed. Why should contracts for important public works be given to the lowest bidder? Of course the price is an item to be seriously considered in deciding who shall do a piece of work; but the perfection of the work is of paramount importance.

Among the recent additions to Harper's "Franklin Square Library" is a very interesting novel called *Paul Knox, Pitman*. It is a story connected with mining life, including a most charming love romance, the heroine of which, who is introduced at the beginning as an orphan waif, wins all hearts by her beauty of person and sweetness of character. Paul Knox, who befriended the little girl, and who nobly conquered his love for her when he found her heart was given to another, is an admirably drawn portrait. The story is full of incident and action.

The city of Bombay was left several days without ice, in the hottest part of the year, in consequence of the detention in the Pacific of the ice-laden American ship *Valley Forge*. There was great rejoicing in Bombay when the ship, with its 1573 tons of ice, entered the harbor.

The Lenox Library has been closed for the summer.

Congress, at its last session, appropriated $10,000 to continue the work of the United States Entomological Commission in the special investigation of the Rocky Mountain locust. The commissioners are expected to devote particular attention to devising some practical methods of preventing the excessive multiplication of the insects and their migration to other parts of the country.

A San Francisco photographer has recently taken a series of instantaneous photographs of the fast trotter Occident while at full speed. Each picture required a separate camera, with an improved double slide worked by electricity, so as to give a brief exposure when the horse was exactly opposite. In less than a second twelve pictures were taken, each representing the horse in a different position—the whole photographing a single stride.

The death of Mercedes, the young and lovely Queen of Spain, has called forth the warmest expressions of sympathy and regret from all countries. King Alfonso is plunged into the deepest grief. He was devotedly attached to his youthful queen, and married her, in spite of all opposition, for love. She had just completed her eighteenth year when she was prostrated by gastric fever, which shortly terminated her checkered life. Her girlhood's days were full of vicissitudes; but as a beloved wife, and a favorite of her admiring subjects, she seemed in a position to enjoy much happiness. But physicians' skill could not turn the fatal course of the fever. She was conscious most of the time during her brief illness, and endeavored to restrain the passionate grief of her husband.

It is now ascertained that 182 lives were sacrificed in the terrible colliery disaster at Wigan, England. This is a smaller number than was at first supposed, but it is large enough to throw hundreds of families into mourning.

Brazilian students of music in Europe are assured of the practical sympathy of the Emperor of Brazil in their efforts. He has given from his private purse the sum of two thousand dollars for their use.

About a year ago the city of St. John, New Brunswick, was almost destroyed by fire. The city is now nearly restored, and the new St. John is a much finer town than the old. The general characteristics of the new buildings are greater uniformity, greater height, and more ornamentation than the old city presented. In addition to the rebuilding, new edifices to a considerable extent have been erected outside of the burned district. Many streets have been widened, and in various ways the whole appearance of the town has been improved.

Light, a London journal, says: "The gifts of science are not unmitigated blessings. There was a time when the delightful vagaries of the weather were, if all else failed, a certain topic for conversation; but now, when we are 'wired' from America what to expect some three days in advance, the element of chance is removed. Still, these cyclones, storms, and tempests, gyrating across the Atlantic, are unmitigated bores, even when announced beforehand."

One day last week the Paris Exposition had 198,700 visitors. There would doubtless be a greater number of visitors every day if there were greater facilities for reaching the grounds. As it is, the tram-ways, which are described as more comfortable than our street cars, are the most popular means of transportation.

The midsummer heat calls for wise and judicious charity among those who are suffering from poverty and sickness in the tenements of this great city. These are the days that cause the little ones, confined in close, unwholesome rooms, to die by scores and hundreds. "What can be done to save them?" Benevolent men and women in our midst are carrying out many plans by which children and the sick poor may breathe the reviving air of the country and the sea.

The celebrated Siamese Twins are surpassed by the St. Benoit Twins, now on exhibition at the Aquarium in this city. They are of French descent, born in St. Benoit, a village near Montreal, Canada. They are perfect in that they have two heads, two chests, and two pairs of arms; but their bodies are joined at the thighs, and Nature bestowed only a single pair of legs. These girl babies are but a few months old, and are named Rose and Marie. They are pretty children in features, and act independently to a certain extent. Rose appears to monopolize the right leg, and Marie the left one, and sometimes one laughs while the other is sleeping. The parents are peasants, and appear fond of their twin offspring.

It is said that Longfellow received his first suggestion of "Kéramos" from Benjamin Dodge, an old potter who formerly lived and practiced his art in Portland, Maine. A writer in the Portland *Press* says that in the attempts of Mr. Dodge to make the likeness of birds and animals in relief "the legs and tails often seemed to have been placed without due care. Busts of persons seem to have been put on with more care; most of these were profiles. After the vessels were finished, and set in another room to dry, it was a favorite trick of some bad boys (whom the good man tolerated notwithstanding) to disfigure the human faces by drawing down the corner of the mouth with the finger, producing a ludicrous expression. In this mischief some of the vessels were knocked askew. This disfiguring the potter did not often observe until it was too late to mend, and this 'imperfect' ware was burned in the kiln with the other, and set away on a shelf by itself to be sold at a less price. This row of pots, jugs, and pitchers was a curiosity. Longfellow could not have been one of these urchins, as he was then in college, but he may have had a hand in it at the other pottery years before."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A GENTLEMAN was lately inquiring for a young lady of his acquaintance. "She is dead," very gravely replied the person to whom he addressed his inquiries. "I never heard of it; what was her disease?" "Vanity," replied the other; "she buried herself alive in the arms of an old fellow of seventy, with a fortune, in order to have the glorious satisfaction of a gilded tomb."

"May the Lord preserve your eyesight," said a beggar-woman to a man with a small nose, who had just given her a gratuity. "Why?" he asked. "Because," said she, "you've no nose to hold your spectacles."

A leopard and a fox had a contest as to which was the finer creature of the two. The leopard put forward its numberless spots; but the fox replied: "It is better to have a versatile mind than a variegated body."

One asked why B stood before C. Because, said another, a man must B before he can C.

Geography and grammar strive with each other to form the pith of the following clever puns: Which is the coldest river?—The ice is (Isis). There is another colder—the icer (Iser).

Does a young man with one arm have an off-hand way of doing things?

A young lady writing from Switzerland says every thing in Europe is absurdly high, even the Alps.

A friend of ours lately went into a provision store to purchase a corned tongue. The dealer handed him one, remarking that it was very nice, and, furthermore, that it never told a lie. "It is very evident, then," remarked the purchaser, "that it was never engaged in the provision business."

TOO BAD!—A newly married gentleman of Mrs. J——'s acquaintance on being asked, the other day, what was the difference between a bride and a bridegroom, immediately replied: "Why, one is given away, and the other is sold."

A correspondent wants to know whether, considering the great utility of the ocean, poets are not wrong in calling it a "waste of water."

Of a barber's shop that was formerly a law office the paper says that people get shaved there just the same.

Mrs. Partington says that her minister preached about "the parody of the probable son."

"Love is an eternal transport!" exclaimed an enthusiastic poet. "So is a canal-boat," said a practical old forwarding merchant.

Phonograph is feminine gender—because it talks back.

"The parting gives me pain," sighed the man who was combing his hair for the first time after a two weeks' spree.

If you put two persons in the same bedroom, one of whom has the toothache and the other is in love, you will find that the one who has the toothache will go to sleep first.

"Shall I help you to alight?" asked a city exquisite of a muscular country girl who was about to get out of a wagon that had just come up to the porch of a rural tavern. She jumped from the wagon, and indignantly exclaimed: "What do you mean? You don't think I smoke, do you?"

MEETING OF TH

THE BERLIN CONGRESS.

Our double-page engraving represents accurately the stately apartment in the Radziwell Palace as it appears when occupied by the mighty potentates who are now endeavoring to adjust the difficulties that have grown out of the Turco-Russian war. The Hôtel Radziwell, which has only been recently assigned to Prince Bismarck as his official residence, is an old-fashioned structure, in the flat Renaissance style, and occupies three sides of a quadrangle, the fourth being taken up by a paved court with a garden in front. Unpretending in size and design, the building has yet an aristocratic air. The large windows of the central section betoken noble halls; the low side wings indicate indifference to the use of space; while the obsolete architecture and the time-worn, discolored bricks of the roof combine with the new pointing of the walls to show antiquity in an excellent state of repair.

The interior of the building is in keeping with the front view. All the apartments are in white stucco, perhaps a little bare, but noble in their lofty simplicity. A grand staircase ascends from the vestibule to a corridor which leads to a room set apart for the secretaries of the Congress. This room opens into the hall of the Congress, which is fitted up in magnificent style. The saloon is imposing in its dimensions, and very tastefully decorated. The carpet is of a light color, with an admixture of gold. In the centre of the hall is a table shaped like a horseshoe. To that portion of the house which is considered more especially private there is a special entrance, guarded by well-proportioned statues of Germania and Borussia. Close to the main saloon is Prince Bismarck's study, and a reception-room furnished in gorgeous Persian style. The latter room, together with several adjoining chambers fitted up as bureaux, is now open to the Congress. From some of these, large folding-doors open upon a splendid old park, the leafy recesses of which may be visited by the plenipotentiaries either for private *tête-à-tête* or for recreation after the fatigues of exhausting debate. In accordance with the taste of the Prince and Princess Bismarck, the furniture of the house is very unpretending.

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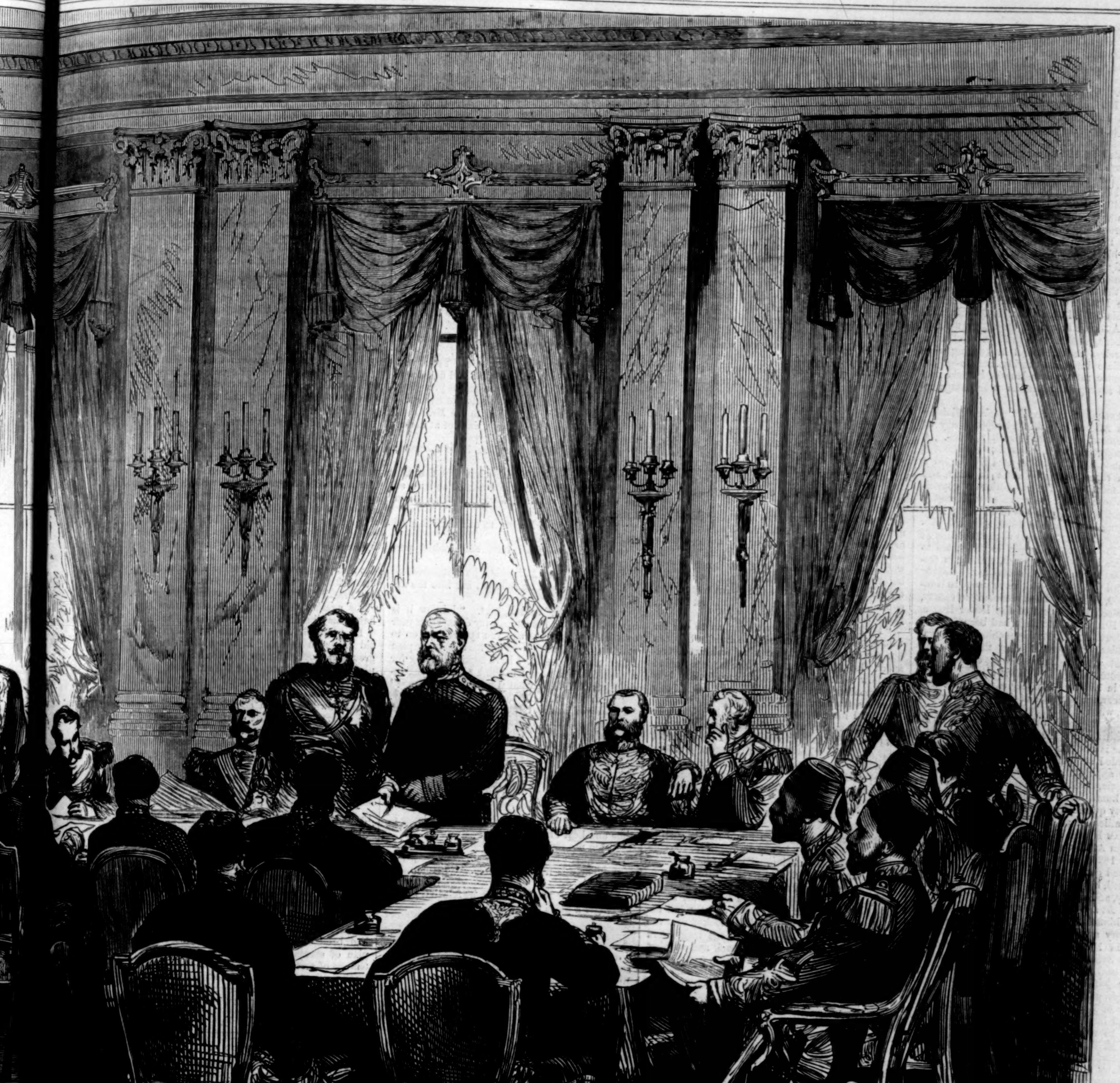


TH[illegible]NGRESS AT BERLIN.

[illegible] among the dignita- [illegible] saloon is as follows: [illegible] table sits the Pres- [illegible] his two German co- [illegible]LÖHE (the German [illegible] Herr Von Bülow (Un- [illegible] Foreign Affairs), and [illegible]OWITZ, facing him. It [illegible] the Prince should be [illegible]; but this he declined, [illegible] I shall disagree with [illegible] be of the same mind with Andrassy or Waddington." Accordingly the minor German members were shifted to the other side of the table. On Prince Bismarck's right sit the Austrian plenipotentiaries, Count Andrassy (the Austro-Hungarian Foreign Minister), Count Karolyi (the Austrian ambassador at Berlin), and Privy Councillor Baron Haymerle. Next to Austria sits Great Britain, with Lord Beaconsfield, the Marquis of Salisbury, and Lord Odo Russell (the British ambassador at Berlin); and then comes Russia, with Prince Gortchakoff (the Chancellor of the Russian Empire), Count Schouvaloff (the ambassador to Great Britain), and Baron D'Oubril (the Russian ambassador at Berlin). On Prince Bismarck's left sit the two French plenipotentiaries, M. Waddington (the Minister for Foreign Affairs), and the Comte de St. Vallier (French ambassador at Berlin). Next comes Italy, with Count Corti (Minister of Foreign Affairs), and Count Launay (the Italian ambassador at Berlin). Finally comes Turkey, with her three plenipotentiaries, Alexander Carathéodori Pasha, Sadoullah Bey (the Turkish ambassador at Berlin), and Mehemet Ali Pasha—the last-named as military plenipotentiary. Each plenipotentiary is accompanied with a staff of secretaries and specialists, well versed in geography and ethnography, so that all such information as to the countries under discussion can be obtained at a few moments' notice. On the occasion represented in our illustration, the plenipotentiaries were in full diplomatic uniform, except Prince Bismarck (who, by-the-bye, as may be noticed, has grown a beard), who retained his military attire; but on ordinary occasions black coats were considered sufficient "full dress."

Among this distinguished concourse the names that attract the most attention are those of Prince Gortchakoff, Count Andrassy, M. Waddington, Prince Bismarck, and Lord Beaconsfield. Of the last two it is necessary to say little, a sketch of Prince Bismarck's life having already been given in a recent issue of the *Weekly*, while the career of the English statesman is familiar to all English-speaking people. A few facts relating to some of the other representatives will be of interest in connection with our illustration.

Prince Gortchakoff, Chancellor of the Russian

Empire, was born July 16, 1798. He attended the Holy Alliance Congress at Verona in 1822 as attaché of Count NESSELRODE, then Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs, and showing diplomatic skill, rose rapidly above the heads of his contemporaries. Appointed secretary of legation in London in 1824, he became chargé d'affaires in Florence in 1826, counsellor of legation at Vienna in 1832, and envoy at Stuttgardt in 1842. After a prolonged stay at the latter capital, he was appointed, in 1850, to represent Russia at the Frankfort Diet. In this capacity he laid the foundation for his subsequent brilliant career. Austria had been saved by Russia in the stormy days of 1848, but repaid the debt with ingratitude and unfriendly treatment. At Frankfort Prince GORTCHAKOFF formed an alliance with BISMARCK, the Prussian representative in the Diet, and used his influence in weakening Austria. Subsequently, when the antagonism between Austria and Prussia became more pronounced, Russia sided with the latter. She did not seriously object to the Danish campaign, did not interfere when Prussia settled accounts with Austria, and to prevent Austria's recovering strength protected Prussia's rear against Austria in 1870. In return for the services rendered, and in keeping with her immediate interests, causing her to guard against France rather than Russia, Prussia had nothing to say against Russian proceedings in the East.

Count ANDRASSY, Austro-Hungarian Minister of Foreign Affairs and first plenipotentiary of his government, was born March 8, 1823. A resolute antagonist of the Austrian government in the Hungarian Parliament of 1848, he led a Hungarian force against Vienna in 1849, and became a member of the revolutionary government, in whose behalf he represented Hungary at Constantinople. He is one of the forty Magyars sentenced to death in 1850, after the surrender of the Hungarian army to the Russians at Vilagos. From Constantinople he proceeded to Paris, where he lived ten years, coming in frequent contact with French statesmen. Having received full pardon in 1856, he returned to Hungary in 1860, joined the Deak reconciliation party, and was elected President of the Lower House. After the Hungarian demands had been fulfilled in 1866, Count ANDRASSY was nominated Hungarian Premier, and remembering that Prussian victory restored independence to his country, vigorously protested against Austria attacking Prussia's rear in 1870. His policy carrying the day, Count BEUST, the advocate of the opposite course, went out, when Count ANDRASSY succeeded him as Minister of Foreign Affairs. He has since clung faithfully to the Prussian alliance. So long as he is in office, good relations with Austria are regarded at Berlin as certain. His Eastern policy is apparently based upon the conviction that Austria, having so many divisions to deal with at home, had better proceed cautiously in nationality quarrels, especially as she lacks Continental allies for an opposite course.

WILLIAM HENRY WADDINGTON, French Minister of Foreign Affairs, and first plenipotentiary, was born in 1826. His father, a rich Englishman, established cotton-works in France, and became naturalized, but the son was educated in England, at Rugby, and afterward took his degree at Cambridge. At a comparatively early age he distinguished himself by valuable contributions toward the history and archæology of France, and was elected in 1865 member of the Académie des Belles-Lettres et Inscriptions. Having entered the National Assembly on the 8th of February, 1871, he joined the Left Centre, and taking a prominent part in the debates, was appointed Minister of Education in the short-lived cabinet born and buried in May, 1873. His stanch adherence to republican principles, and the high opinion M. THIERS had of his talents, made him the successful candidate for the Ministry of Foreign Affairs after the fall of the Duke DECAZES. M. WADDINGTON, who never held a diplomatic place till he got the highest, is said to have manifested considerable judgment in this new line. He is a Protestant, and related to the BUNSENS, whose mother, the wife of the Chevalier, was a WADDINGTON.

An Indiscretion in the Life of an Heiress.

BY THOMAS HARDY,

AUTHOR OF "FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD," "THE RETURN OF THE NATIVE," ETC.

PART SECOND.

CHAPTER III.

"Bright reason will mock thee,
Like the sun from a wintry sky."

WHEN he reached his chambers he sat down and literally did nothing but watch the hand of the mantel clock, minute by minute, till it marked half past eleven, scarcely removing his eyes. Then going again into the street, he called a cab, and was driven down Park Lane and to the corner of Chevron Square. Here he alighted, and went round to the number occupied by the Allenvilles.

A lamp stood nearly opposite the doorway, and by receding into the gloom to the railing of the square he could see whatever went on in the porch of the house. The lamps over the doorway were nearly all extinguished, and every thing about this part was silent and deserted, except at a house on the opposite side of the square, where a ball was going on. But nothing of that concerned Egbert: his eyes had sought out and remained fixed upon Mr. Allenville's front-door, in momentary expectation of seeing it gently open.

The dark wood of the door showed a keen and distinct edge upon the pale stone of the porch floor. It must have been about two minutes before the hour he had named, when he fancied he saw a slight movement at that point, as if something were slipped out from under the door.

"It is but fancy," he said to himself.

He turned his eyes away, and turned them back again. Some object certainly seemed to have been thrust under the door. At this moment the four quarters of midnight began to strike, and then the hour. Egbert could remain still no longer, and he went into the porch. A note had been slipped under the door from inside.

He took it to the lamp, turned it over, and saw that it was directed only with initials—"To E. M." Egbert tore it open, and glanced upon the page. With a shiver of disappointment he read these words in her handwriting:

"It was when under the influence of much emotion, kindled in me by the power of the music, that I half assented to a meeting with you to-night; and I believe that you also were excited when you asked for one. After some quiet reflection I have decided that it will be much better for us both if we do not see each other.

"You will, I know, judge me fairly in this. You have by this time learned what life is—what particular positions, accidental though they may be, ask—nay, imperatively exact—from us. If you say, 'Not imperatively,' you can not speak from knowledge of the world.

"To be woven and tied in with the world by blood, acquaintance, tradition, and external habit is to a woman to be utterly at the beck of that world's customs. In youth we do not see this. You and I did not see it. We were but a girl and a boy at the time of our meetings at Tollamore. What was our knowledge?—a list of other people's words. What was our wisdom?—none at all.

"It is well for you now to remember that I am not the unsophisticated girl that I was when you first knew me. For better or for worse, I have become complicated, exclusive, and practiced. A woman who can speak, or laugh, or dance, or sing before any number of men with perfect composure may be no sinner, but she is not what I was once. She is what I am now. She is not the girl you loved. That woman is not here.

"I wish to write kindly to you, as to one for whom, in spite of the unavoidable division between our paths, I shall always entertain a heart-felt respect. Is it, after this, out of place in me to remind you how contrasting are all our associations, how inharmonious our times and seasons? Could any thing overpower this incongruity?

"But I must write plainly, and though it may grieve you now, it will produce ultimately the truest ease. This is my meaning: If I could accept your addresses without an entire loss of position, I would do so; but since this can not be, we must forget each other.

"Believe me to be, with wishes and prayers for your happiness,

"Your sincere friend, G. A."

Egbert could neither go home nor stay still: he walked off rapidly in any direction, for the sole sake of vehement motion. His first impulse was to get into darkness. He went toward Kensington; thence threaded across to the Uxbridge Road; thence to Kensal Green, where he turned into a lane and followed it to Kilburn, and the hill beyond, at which spot he halted and looked over the vast haze of light extending to the length and breadth of London. Turning back and wandering among some fields by a way he could never afterward recollect, sometimes sitting down, sometimes leaning on a stile, he lingered on until the sun had risen. He then slowly walked again toward London, and feeling by this time very weary, he entered the first refreshment-house that he came to, and attempted to eat something. Having sat for some time over this meal without doing much more than taste it, he arose and set out for the street in which he lived. Once in his own rooms, he lay down upon the couch and fell asleep.

When he awoke it was four o'clock. Egbert then dressed and went out, partook of a light meal at his club at the dismal hour between luncheon and dinner, and cursorily glanced over the papers and reviews. Among the first things that he saw were eulogistic notices of his own book in three different reviews, each the most prominent and weighty of its class. Two of them at least would, he knew, find their way to the drawing-room of the Allenvilles, if they had not done so already, for they were among the periodicals which the squire regularly patronized.

Next, in a weekly review, he read the subjoined note:

"The authorship of the book —— —— about which conjecture has lately been so much exercised is now ascribed to Mr. Egbert Mayne, whose first attempt in that kind we noticed in these pages some eighteen months ago."

He then took up a daily paper, and presently lighted on the following paragraph:

"It is announced that a marriage will shortly be celebrated between Lord Bretton, of Tosthill Park, and Geraldine, only daughter of Foy Allenville, Esq., of Tollamore House, Wessex."

Egbert arose and went toward home. Arrived there, he met the postman at the door and received from him a small note. The young man mechanically glanced at the direction.

"From her!" he mentally exclaimed. "What does it—"

This is what the letter contained:

"*Twelve o'clock.*

"I have just learned that the anonymous author of the book in which the world has been so interested during the past two months, and which I have read, is none other than yourself. Accept my congratulations. It seems almost madness in me to address you now. But I could not do otherwise on receipt of this news, and after writing my last letter. Let your knowledge of my nature prevent your misconstruing my motives in writing thus on the spur of the moment. I need scarcely add, please keep it a secret forever. I am not morally afraid, but other lives, hopes, and objects than mine have to be considered.

"The announcement of the marriage is premature, to say the least. I would tell you more, but dare not. G. A."

The conjunction of all this news produced in Egbert's heart a stillness, which was some time in getting aroused to excitement. His emotion was formless. He knew not what point to take hold of and survey his position from, and though his faculties grew clearer with the passage of time, he failed on resolving on a course with any deliberateness. No sooner had he thought, "I will never see her again for my pride's sake," than he said, "Why not see her? she is a woman; she may love me yet."

He went down stairs and out of the house, and walked by way of the Park toward Chevron Square.

Probably nobody will rightly appreciate Mayne's wild behavior at this juncture unless he has been in a somewhat similar position himself. It may appear to cool critics, even if they are generous enough to make allowances for his feelings, as visionary and weak in the extreme. Yet it was scarcely possible, after the mental and emotional strain that he had undergone during the preceding five years, that he should have acted otherwise.

He rang the bell, and asked to see Mr. Allenville. He, perhaps fortunately, was not at home.

"Miss Allenville, then," said Mayne.

"She is just driving out," said the footman, dubiously.

Egbert then noticed for the first time that the carriage was at the door, and almost as soon as the words were spoken, Geraldine came down stairs.

"The madness of hoping to call that finished creature wife!" he thought.

Geraldine recognized him, and looked perplexed.

"One word, Miss Allenville," he murmured.

She assented, and he followed her into the adjoining room.

"I have come," said Egbert. "I know it is hasty of me; but I must hear my doom from your own lips. Five years ago you spurred me on to ambition. I have followed but too closely the plan I then marked out, for I have hoped all along for a reward. What am I to think? Have you indeed left off feeling what you once felt for me?"

"I can not speak of it now," she said, hurriedly. "I told you in my letter as much as I dared. Believe me, I can not speak—in the way you wish. I will always be your friend."

"And is this the end? O my God!"

"And we shall hope to see you to dinner some day, now you are famous," she continued, pale as ashes. "But I—can not be with you as we once were. I was such a child at that time, you know."

"Geraldine, is this all I get after this lapse of time and heat of labor?"

"I am not my own mistress—I have my father to please," she faintly murmured. "I must please him. There is no help for this. Go from me—do go."

Egbert turned and went, for he felt that he had no longer a place beside her.

CHAPTER IV.

"Then I said in my heart, As it happeneth to the fool, so it happeneth even to me; and why was I, then, more wise?"

MAYNE, not being physically the strongest of men, was in rather an ailing state for several days after the above-mentioned event. Yet the lethean stagnation which usually comes with the realization that all is over allowed him to take some deep sleeps, to which he had latterly been a stranger.

The hours went by, and he did the best he could to dismiss his regrets for Geraldine. He was assisted to the very little success he attained in this by reflecting how different a woman she must have become from her old sweet self of six years ago.

"But how paltry is my success, now she has vanished!" he said. "What is it worth? What object have I in following it up after this?" It rather startled him to see that the root of his desire for celebrity having been Geraldine, he now was a man who had no further motive in moving on. Town life had for some time been depressing to him. He began to doubt whether he could ever be happy in the course of existence that he had followed through these later years. The perpetual strain, the lack of that quiet to which he had been accustomed in early life, the absence of all personal interest in things around him, was telling upon his health of body and of mind.

Then revived the wish which had for some time been smouldering in his secret heart—to leave off, for the present at least, his efforts for distinction, to retire for a few months to his old country nook, and there to meditate upon his next course. To set about this was curiously awkward to him. He had planned methods of retrogression in case of defeat through want of ability, want of means, or lack of opportunity; but to retreat because his appetite for advance had gone off was what he had never before thought of.

His reflections turned upon the old home of his mother's family. He knew exactly how Tollamore appeared at that time of the year. The trees with their half-ripe apples, the bees and the butterflies lazy from the heat; the hay-making over, the harvest not begun, the people lively and always out-of-doors. He would visit the spot and call upon some old and half-forgotten and cheery friends of his grandfather in an adjoining parish to keep down this horrible gloom.

Two days later he left town. The fine weather, his escape from that intricate web of thought in which he had been bound these five years, the sensation that nobody in the world had any claims upon him, imparted some buoyancy to his mind, and it was in a serene if sad spirit that he entered Tollamore vale and smelled his native air.

He did not at once proceed to the village, but stopped at Fairland, the parish next adjoining. It was now evening, and he called upon some of the old cottagers whom he knew. Time had set a mark upon them all since he had last been there. Middle-aged men were a little more round-shouldered, their wives had taken to spectacles, young people had grown up out of recognition, and old men had passed into second childhood.

Egbert found here, as he had expected, precisely such a lodging as a hermit would desire. It was in an ivy-covered detached house which had been partly furnished for a tenant who had never come, and it was kept clean by an old woman living in a cottage near. She offered to wait upon Egbert while he remained there, coming in the morning and leaving in the afternoon, thus giving him the house to himself during the latter part of the day.

When it grew dusk he went out, wishing to ramble for a little time. The gibbous moon rose on his right, the stars showed themselves sleepily one by one, and the far distance turned to a mysterious ocean of gray. He instinctively directed his steps toward Tollamore, and, when there, toward the school. It looked very little changed since the year in which he had had the memorable meetings with her there, excepting that the creepers had grown higher.

He went on toward the park. Here was the place in which he had used to await her coming—he could be sure of the spot to a foot. There was the turn of the hill around which she had appeared. The sentimental effect of the scene upon him was far greater than he had expected—so great that he wished he had never been so reckless as to come here. "But this is folly," he thought. "The betrothed of Lord Bretton is a woman of the world in whose thoughts, hopes, and habits I have no further interest or share."

In the lane he heard the church bells ringing out their five notes, and meeting a shepherd, Egbert asked him what was going on.

"Practicing," he said, in an uninterested voice. "'Tis against young miss's wedding, that their hands may be thoroughly in by the day for't."

He presently came to where his grandfather's old house had stood. It was pulled down, the ground it covered having become a shabby irregular spot half grown over with trailing plants. The garden had been grassed down, but the old apple-trees still remained, their trunks and stems being now sheeted on one side with moonlight. He entertained himself by guessing where the front-door of the house had been, at which Geraldine had entered on the memorable evening when she came to him full of grief and pity, and a tacit avowal of love was made on each side. Where they had sat together was now but a heap of broken rubbish half covered with grass.

Finding the effect of memory to be otherwise than cheerful, he hastened from the spot, and went on to the parish of Fairland, in which he had taken his lodging.

It soon became whispered in the neighborhood that Miss Allenville's wedding was to take place on the seventeenth of October. Egbert heard few particulars of the matter beyond the date, though it is possible that he might have known more if he had tried. He preferred to fortify himself by dipping deeply into the few books he had brought with him; but the most obvious plan of escaping his thoughts, that of a rapid change of scene by travel, he was unaccountably loath to adopt. He felt that he could not stay long in this district, yet an indescribable fascination held him on day after day, till the date of the marriage was close at hand.

CHAPTER V.

"How all the other passions fleet to air
As doubtful thoughts, and rash-embraced despair,
And shudd'ring fear, and green-eyed jealousy!"

ON the eve of the wedding the people told Egbert that arches and festoons of late flowers and evergreens had been put up across the path between the church porch at Tollamore and the private gate to the squire's lawn for the procession of bride and bride-maids. Before it got dark several villagers went on foot to the church to look at and admire these decorations. Egbert had determined to see the ceremony over. It would do him good, he thought, to be witness of the sacrifice.

Hence he too went along the path to Tollamore to inspect the preparations. It was dusk by the time he reached the church-yard, and he entered it boldly, letting the gate fall together with a loud slam, as if he were a man whom nothing troubled. He looked at the half-completed bowers of green, and passed on into the church, never having entered it since he first left Tollamore.

He was standing by the chancel arch, and observing the quantity of flowers which had been placed around the spot, when he heard the creaking of a gate on its hinges. Two figures entered the church, and Egbert stepped behind a canopied tomb.

The persons were females, and they appeared to be servants from the neighboring mansion. They brought more flowers and wreaths, and were talking of the event of the morrow. Coming into the chancel, they threw down their bundles with a remark that it was too dark to arrange more flowers that night.

"This is where she is to kneel," said one, standing with her arms akimbo before the altar railing. "And I wish 'twas I instead, Lord send if I don't!"

The two girls went on gossiping till other footsteps caused them to turn.

"I won't say 'tisn't she. She has been here two or three times to-day. Let's go round this way." And the servants went toward the door by

a circuitous path round the aisle, to avoid meeting with the new-comer.

Egbert, too, thought he would leave the place before other stragglers came, but, from carelessness or design, he went straight down the nave. An instant afterward he was standing face to face with Geraldine. The servants had vanished.

"Good-evening," she said, serenely, not knowing him, and supposing him to be a parishioner: many had visited the church that day.

Egbert returned the words hastily, and in standing aside to let her pass, looked clearly into her eyes and pale face, as if there never had been a time at which he would have done any thing on earth for her sake.

She knew him then, and started, uttering a weak exclamation. When he reached the door, he turned his head and saw that she was irresolutely holding up her hand as if to beckon him to come back.

"One word, since I have met you," she said, in unequal half-whispered tones. "I have felt that I was one-sided in my haste on the day you called to see me in London. I misunderstood you."

Egbert could at least outdo her in self-control, and, astonished that she should have spoken, he answered in a yet colder tone: "I am sorry for that; very sorry, madam."

"And you excuse it?"

"Of course I do, readily. And I hope you, too, will pardon my intrusion on that day, and understand the—circumstances."

"Yes, yes. Especially as I am most to blame for those indiscreet proceedings in our early lives which led to it."

"Certainly you were most to blame."

"Can you say that," she answered, with a slight laugh, "when you know nothing of what my motives and feelings were?"

"I know well enough to judge, for I was the elder. Let me just recall some points in your own history at that time."

"No."

"Will you not hear a word?"

"I can not.... Are you writing another book?"

"I am doing nothing. I am idling at Monk's Hut."

"Indeed?" she said, slightly surprised. "Well, you will always have my good wishes, whatever you may do. If any of my relatives can ever help you—"

"Thank you, madam, very much. I think, however, that I can help myself."

She was silent, looking upon the floor, and Egbert spoke again, successfully hiding the feelings of his heart under a light and untrue tone. "Miss Allenville, you know that I loved you devotedly for many years, and that that love was the main-spring of all my ambition. My sense of it makes this meeting rather awkward. But men survive almost any thing. I have proved it. Their love is strong while it lasts, but it soon withers at sight of a new face. I congratulate you on your coming marriage. Perhaps I may marry some day too."

"I hope you will find some one worth your love. I am sorry I ever—inconvenienced you as I did. But one hardly knows at that age—"

"Don't think of it for a moment—I really entreat you not to think of that." What prompted the cruelty of his succeeding words he never could afterward understand: "It was a hard matter at first for me to forget you, certainly; but perhaps I was helped in my wish by the strong prejudice I originally had against your class and family. I have fixed my mind firmly upon the differences between us, and my youthful fancy is pretty fairly overcome. Those old silly days of devotion were pretty enough, but the devotion was entirely unpractical, as you have seen, of course."

"Yes, I have seen it."

"It was scarcely of a sort which survives accident and division, and is strengthened by disaster."

"Well, perhaps not—perhaps not. You can scarcely care much whether it was or not; or, indeed, care any thing about me or my happiness."

"I do care."

"How much? As you do for that of any other wretched human being?"

"Wretched? No!"

"I will tell you—I must tell you! This is my secret, Egbert," she burst out. "I don't love the man I am going to marry; but I have agreed to be his wife to satisfy my friends. Say you don't hate me for what I have told!"

"Hate you? Oh, Geraldine!"

A hair's-breadth further and they would have broken down.

"Not a word more; now you know my unhappy state, and I shall die content."

"But, darling—my Geraldine!"

"It is too late. Good-night—good-by!" She spoke in a hurried voice, almost like a low cry, and rushed away.

Here was a revelation. Egbert moved along to the door and up the path in a condition in which his mind caused his very body to ache. He gazed vacantly through the railings of the lawn, which came close to the church-yard; but she was gone. He still moved mechanically on. A little further and he was overtaken by the parish clerk, who, addressing a few words to him, soon recognized his voice.

The clerk's talk, too, was about the wedding. "Is the marriage likely to be a happy one?" asked Egbert, aroused by the subject.

"Well, between you and me, Mr. Mayne, 'tis a made-up affair. Some says she can't bear the man."

"Lord Bretton?"

"Yes. I could say more if I dared; but what's the good of it now?"

"I suppose, none," said Egbert, wearily.

He was glad to be again alone, and went on toward Fairland slowly and heavily. Had Geraldine forgotten him, and loved elsewhere with a light heart, he could have borne it; but this sacrifice at a time when, left to herself, she might have again listened to him, was an intolerable misery. Her inconsistent manner, her appearance of being swayed by two feelings, her half reservations, were all explained. "Against her wishes!" he said; "at heart she may still be mine. Oh, Geraldine, my poor Geraldine, is it come to this?"

He bitterly regretted his first manner toward her, and turned round to consider whether he could not go back, endeavor to find her, and ask if he could be of any possible use. But all this was plainly absurd. He again proceeded homeward as before.

Reaching Fairland, he sat a while in his empty house without a light, and then went to bed. Owing to the distraction of his mind, he lay for three or four hours meditating and listening to the autumn wind, turning restlessly from side to side, the blood throbbing in his temples and singing in his ears, and the ticking of his watch waxing apparently loud enough to stun him. He conjured up the image of Geraldine in her various stages of preparation on the following day. He saw her coming in at the well-known door, walking down the aisle in a floating cloud of white, and receiving the eyes of the assembled crowd without a flush or a sign of consciousness; uttering the words, "I take thee to my wedded husband," as quietly as if she were dreaming them. And the husband? Egbert shuddered. How could she have consented, even if her memories only stood their ground half so obstinately as his own? As for himself, he perceived more clearly than ever how intricately she had mingled with every motive in his past career. Some portion of the thought, "Marriage with Geraldine," had been marked on every day of his manhood.

Ultimately he fell into a fitful sleep, when he dreamed of fighting, wading, diving, boring through innumerable multitudes, in the midst of which Geraldine's form appeared flitting about, in the usual confused manner of dreams—sometimes coming toward him, sometimes receding, and getting thinner and thinner till she was a mere film tossed about upon a seething mass.

He jumped up in the bed, damp with a cold perspiration, and in an agony of disquiet. It was a minute or two before he could collect his senses. He went to the window and looked out. It was quite dark, and the wind moaned and whistled round the corners of the house in the heavy intonations which seem to express that ruthlessness has all the world to itself.

"Egbert, do, do come to me!" reached his ears in a faint voice from the darkness.

There was no mistaking it; it was assuredly the tongue of Geraldine. He half dressed himself, ran down stairs, and opened the front-door, holding the candle above his head. Nobody was visible.

He set down the light, hastened round to the back of the house, and saw a dusky figure turning the corner to get to the gate. He then ran diagonally across the plot, and intercepted the form in the path. "Geraldine!" he cried. "Can it indeed be you?"

"Yes, it is, it is!" she cried, wildly, and leaned upon his shoulder.

The hot tumult of excitement pervading her hindered her from fainting, and Egbert placed his arm round her, and led her into the house without asking a question or meeting with any resistance. He assisted her into a chair as soon as they reached the front-room.

"I have run away from home, Egbert, and to you," she sobbed. "There has been a great quarrel. I am not insane: they and you may think so, but I am not. I came to find you. Such shocking things have happened. Can Lord Bretton come and claim me?"

"Nobody on earth can claim you, darling, against your will. Now tell it all to me."

She spoke on between her tears. "I have loved you ever since, Egbert; but such influences have been brought to bear upon me that at last I have hardly known what I was doing. At last, I thought, perhaps after all it would be better to become a lady of title, with a large park and houses of my own, than the wife of any man of genius who was poor. I loved you all the time, but I was half ashamed that I loved you. I went out constantly, that gayety might obscure the past. And then dark circles came round my eyes; I grew worn and tired. I am not nearly so nice to look at as at that time when we used to meet in the school, nor so healthy either.... I think I was handsome then." At this she smiled faintly, and raised her eyes to his, with a sparkle of their old mischief in them.

"And now, and ever," he whispered.

"How innocent we were then! Fancy, Egbert, our unreserve would have been almost wrong if we had known the canons of behavior we learned afterward. Ah, who at that time would have thought I was to yield to what I did! I wish now that I had met you at the door in Chevron Square, as I promised. But I feared to—I had promised Lord Bretton; and I that evening received a lecturing from my father, who saw you at the concert: he was further behind. And then when I heard of your great success, how I wished I had held out a little longer, for I knew your hard labor had been on my account. When we met again last night, it seemed awful, horrible, what I had done. Yet how could I tell you plainly? When I got indoors I felt I should die of misery, and I went to my father; I said, I could not be married to-morrow. Oh, how angry he was, and what a dreadful scene occurred!" She covered her face with her hands.

"My poor Geraldine," said Egbert, supporting her with his arm.

"When I was in my room this came into my mind. 'Better is it that thou shouldest not vow than that thou shouldest vow and not pay.' I could bear it no longer. I was determined not to marry him, and to see you again whatever came of it. I dressed, and came down stairs noiselessly and slipped out. I knew where your house was, and I hastened here."

"You will never marry him now?"

"Never. Yet what can I do?—oh! what can I do? If I go back to my father— No, I can not go back now; it is too late. But if they should find me, and drag me back, and compel me to perform my promise!"

"There is one simple way to prevent that; if, beloved Geraldine, you will agree to adopt it."

"Yes?"

"By becoming *my* wife at once. We would return to London as soon as the ceremony was over; and there you may defy them all."

"Oh, Egbert, I have thought of this—"

"You will have no reason to regret it. I can introduce you to a more intellectual if less aristocratic society than that you have been accustomed to."

"Yes, I know it—I reflected on it before I came. I will be your wife," she replied, tenderly.

Egbert kissed her lips then, and again. He reflected for some time, if that process could be called reflection which was accompanied with so much excitement. "The parson of your parish would perhaps refuse to marry us, even if we could get to the church secretly," he said, with a cloud on his brow. "That's a difficulty."

"Oh, don't take me there! I can not go to Tollamore. I shall be seen, and we shall be parted. Don't take me there."

"No, no, I will not, love. I was only thinking. Are you known in this parish?"

"Well, yes. Not, however, to the clergyman. He is a young man; old Mr. Keene is dead, you know."

"Then I can manage it." Egbert clasped her in his arms in the delight of his heart. "Now this is our course. I am first going to the surrogate's, and then further on, and while I am gone you must stay in this house absolutely alone, and lock yourself in for safety. There is food in the house, and wine in that cupboard: you must stay here in hiding till I come back. It is now—five o'clock. I will be here again at latest by eleven. If any body knocks, remain silent, and the house will be supposed empty, as it lately has been so for a long time. My old servant and waitress must not come here to-day—I will manage that. I will light a fire, which will have burned down by daylight, so that the room will be warmed for you. Sit there while I set about it."

He lit the fire, placed on the table all the food the house afforded, and went away.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

JULY.

Sunday, 21.—Fifth Sunday after Trinity.
Thursday, 25.—St. James.
Sunday, 28.—Sixth Sunday after Trinity.

THE commemoration by the Nonconformists of Great Britain of the repeal of the "Test and Corporation Acts" has been prolonged beyond the anniversary of May 8. On that day, which completed the half century since the repeal, it will be remembered, a deputation waited on Earl RUSSELL with congratulations. Within a month from the time of this visit the Earl died. On June 18 the jubilee of the Nonconformist emancipation was celebrated by a public banquet at the Cannon Street Hotel, London. There were present of lords and honorable gentlemen very many, Earl GRANVILLE, whose tact and good taste are always conspicuous, presiding. But the 18th of June was also an anniversary; on that day, fifty years ago, a banquet was given to celebrate the repeal, and the report of its proceedings has been reproduced. Although the festivities look dim to us at the distance of half a century, and many of the names are no longer familiar, yet the record brings back to us not a few historic men. The Duke of Sussex, uncle of Queen VICTORIA, presided, and defended liberal principles in a blunt and hearty fashion. Lord HOLLAND and HENRY BROUGHAM, with the centre of attraction, Lord JOHN RUSSELL, made speeches. SYDNEY SMITH sent a letter, in which he spoke of the abolition of the Test and Corporation Acts "as an extension of reason, an improvement of life, and a fit subject for public commemoration."

As an illustration of those times, the story is told that persons who wished to qualify for office by taking the sacrament would on Sunday frequent a tavern, near by a parish church most affected by them, till the usual service was over. They partook at this church after the other communicants, and were bidden with the call, "Gentlemen who wish to qualify," etc. It was a strange mixture of the secular and the spiritual.

The assertion that zeal in foreign Christian missions is detrimental to the culture of the home field has often been refuted, but a more complete array of facts serviceable for such a refutation can hardly be found than is furnished by a survey of the work of the American Home Missionary Society during the fifty-two years from 1826 to 1878. In that period the total receipts of the society have been $8,199,270; the total years of labor given, 32,952; the number of additions to the churches by the missionaries is 280,940. The present number of missionaries in the society's service is 996; the largest number in any one State—Kansas—is 91; Virginia, the Indian Territory, Wyoming, and Nevada have each one only.

The elections in Belgium, where the ultramontanes, in the name of the Church, pitted themselves against liberalism, have resulted in the defeat of their party. One-half of the Senators and one-half of the Representatives of the Lower House were to be chosen. By a provision of Belgian law the districts (as we would call them) which elect Senators do not at the same time elect Representatives, so that this election spread over the whole kingdom. The clerical majority of four in the Senate is changed into a liberal majority of six, and the clerical majority of twelve in the Lower House is changed into a liberal majority of ten. In Brussels the clericals were outvoted two to one. Antwerp, Ghent, and Bruges, formerly controlled by the ultramontanes, have become liberal. The victory has been celebrated with great rejoicings. The clerical party had attacked the constitution of the state, and were preparing to sweep away its liberal provisions.

The dangers besetting the boys of the country are attracting attention, but not more than, if as much as, ought to be given. The law forbidding the sale of liquors to minors can not, for some reason, be enforced in the city of Chicago. Professor SUMNER's inquiry, "What are our boys reading?" has not yet been satisfactorily answered. On this point the *Advance* says well: "There is no evil, we believe, at this present time more widely spread, nor one that is working in secret with such pernicious effects, as this corrupting of our youth by bad books." The suggestion of the *Advance* that the Young Men's Christian Associations should make special efforts to reach boys is a good one.

The Dean of Canterbury, whose geniality during his attendance upon the Conference of the Evangelical Alliance in this city in 1873 made him many friends, has been charged in England with having in an indirect manner promoted the formation of the Reformed Episcopal Church. He replies in a letter to the *Times*, saying that he disapproved of the secession of Bishop CUMMINS, however much it might be excused by the excitement which followed their "partaking of the Holy Communion with Christians of many denominations at a Presbyterian church."

The experiment of what is known as "local option" in regard to the sale of liquors is likely to be fully tried in Illinois. Seventy towns in that State voted against all licenses in 1876, 180 towns in 1877, and in the present year 395 towns have so voted.

Two hundred and twenty-six delegates attended the Pennsylvania State Sunday-school Convention, which opened in Williamsport June 13. Associations were reported as existing in all but eleven counties. The secretary reported the number of schools in the State to be 7789; teachers and officers, 105,870; scholars, 754,420.

The ninety-seventh session of the Irish Wesleyan Conference opened in Dublin June 19. The most notable part of the proceedings was the formal completion of the union with the Primitive Methodists of Ireland. This Conference has fully adopted lay delegation. The committee appointed by the British Wesleyan Conference of 1877 to devise a more perfect system of middle-class education, will recommend that the schools for ministers' sons be opened to the sons of laymen. If this be done, a very old feature of the British Wesleyan system will be greatly changed. It is proposed also to erect a central school for middle-class education, at a cost of $200,000.

After no little effort a Sunday-school Union has been successfully formed in British India. The second meeting, near the close of last year, resulted in the adoption of a constitution. The Union will hereafter meet once in two years. It will be composed of Protestant missionaries of all the churches, and will have for its objects the planting of Sunday-schools and the spread of Sunday-school literature. The statistics of Sunday-schools in India furnished are very imperfect, but show 108 in all, with 3536 scholars.

As the interests of peace and of Christianity are identical, it is appropriate to record here that Italy has made a forward step in the way of international arbitration. As long ago as 1873 the Chamber of Deputies of that kingdom adopted a declaration in its favor. The present ministry being about to renew several treaties of commerce with other nations, the Deputies have adopted the following resolution: "The Chamber trusts that, in pursuance of the decision of 1873, the government will propose, and that it will be enacted, that an arbitral clause be introduced into treaties of commerce the negotiations for which are yet pending, and that to treaties already concluded an additional protocol be appended to the effect that any disputes arising respecting the interpretation and execution of the treaties themselves shall, if all means of settling them by amicable negotiation have failed, be submitted to the decision of commissioners of arbitration." This provision, if universally adopted—and its reasonableness can not be questioned—would reduce to a minimum the causes of war.

The first company of teachers and preachers engaged by the Rev. WILLIAM TAYLOR to go to Peru and Chili set sail from this port July 1. They will, if successful, organize Methodist churches. Among them are graduates of Boston University, Ohio Wesleyan University, and Baldwin University, Ohio.

Eleven years after the event, the proceedings of the first Pan-Anglican Synod, held at Lambeth in 1867, have been given to the public. Some partial accounts have appeared in lives of deceased bishops who were present. An abstract report is now printed in an English Church paper, no doubt intended as a preparation for the second meeting, which was opened at Lambeth July 2. The first Synod was looked upon with much suspicion. Archbishop LONGLEY, who called it, is dead; but his successor, Archbishop TAIT, has proved himself to be a skillful man of affairs. A leading topic of discussion in the first Synod was, "The best Way of promoting the Unity of Christendom." This does not appear in the list of topics prepared for the Synod now in session. The project of declaring the Archbishop of Canterbury Patriarch of the whole Anglican Church has been again mooted, and some zealous Churchmen have expressed the hope that the Synod will take the necessary steps to this end. The objections that such a declaration would conflict with the royal supremacy, and might alienate the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States, are felt, however, to have weight. An advocate of this scheme—an archdeacon—in answer to the latter objection, says: "The American Church would form a patriarchate by herself. She is quite strong enough to do so. Why should there not be a patriarchate of Connecticut or New York in full communion with that of Canterbury?" The proceedings of the Synod will be looked for with interest, though they may not be at once made public.

EUROPE'S CONTRIBUTION TO AMERICA.

AMERICA'S CONTRIBUTION TO EUROPE.

TWO PHASES OF EMIGRATION.—[Drawn by C. S. Reinhart.]

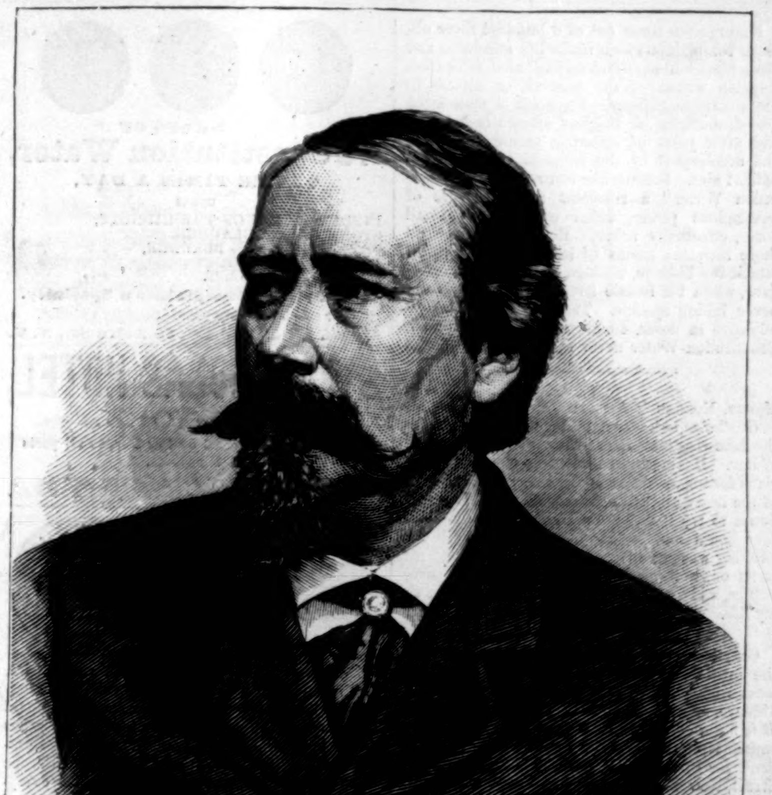
RAPID TRANSIT.

DR. RUFUS H. GILBERT, whose name has become familiar to the public in connection with the elevated railway in Sixth Avenue, is one of those remarkable men who, starting without other capital than talent, succeed in making a reputation for themselves in two or three different professions. Although for the last ten years he has been chiefly known to the public as a prime mover in various rapid transit schemes, he had already attracted considerable attention as a lecturer, while those who knew him in his youth remember him as a physician of unusual talent.

DR. GILBERT is a native of New York State, and was born at Guilford, Chenango County. His father, WILLIAM DWIGHT GILBERT, was one of the associate judges of Steuben County. Having received a rudimentary education, young GILBERT began life as a drug clerk, but his taste for mechanics soon led him to seek a position in a manufacturing establishment. Here he first began studying machinery, and laid the foundation of the knowledge that became so useful to him later in life. As proof of his integrity and faithfulness may be mentioned the fact, that during the six years he spent in this establishment he was not absent a single day. The daylight hours were devoted to work, and in the evening he applied himself to study, soon acquiring an education which included a considerable acquaintance with classic literature, mathematics, and mechanics.

Having served an excellent apprenticeship at manufacturing, he left Steuben County and went to Corning. Here he began the study of medicine, and after pursuing the preparatory course, entered the College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York, and at the same time served as the assistant of Dr. WILLARD PARKER, a physician of this city. His means being limited, he obtained a position as a night clerk in a drug store. After attending the first course of lectures at the college he returned to Corning, and commenced the practice of medicine under a resident physician of that place, where he remained eighteen months, busy in accumulating funds that would enable him to resume his studies under Dr. PARKER. Upon graduating Corning was naturally the place selected by the young physician wherein to establish himself permanently. Here he took up his residence, and soon became very popular in his profession, acquiring a large practice. In the course of a few years he married, the lady being a daughter of Chief Justice MAYNARD, of the Supreme Court of New York State.

It is possible that Dr. GILBERT might have remained unknown to the world, save as a physician, had not failing health and the loss of his wife induced him to relax the severity of his labors and seek for recreation abroad. His object in visiting London and Paris was to thoroughly inspect the hospital systems of those cities; but while studying disease as it appeared among the crowded populations where he went, he came to the conclusion that another remedy was needed than could ever be provided by medical skill. To give the inhabitants of tenement-houses a chance to live, they must have better accommodations and purer air; and as they can not spend an hour or two going to and returning from their work, the desired end could only be reached by providing rapid transit.

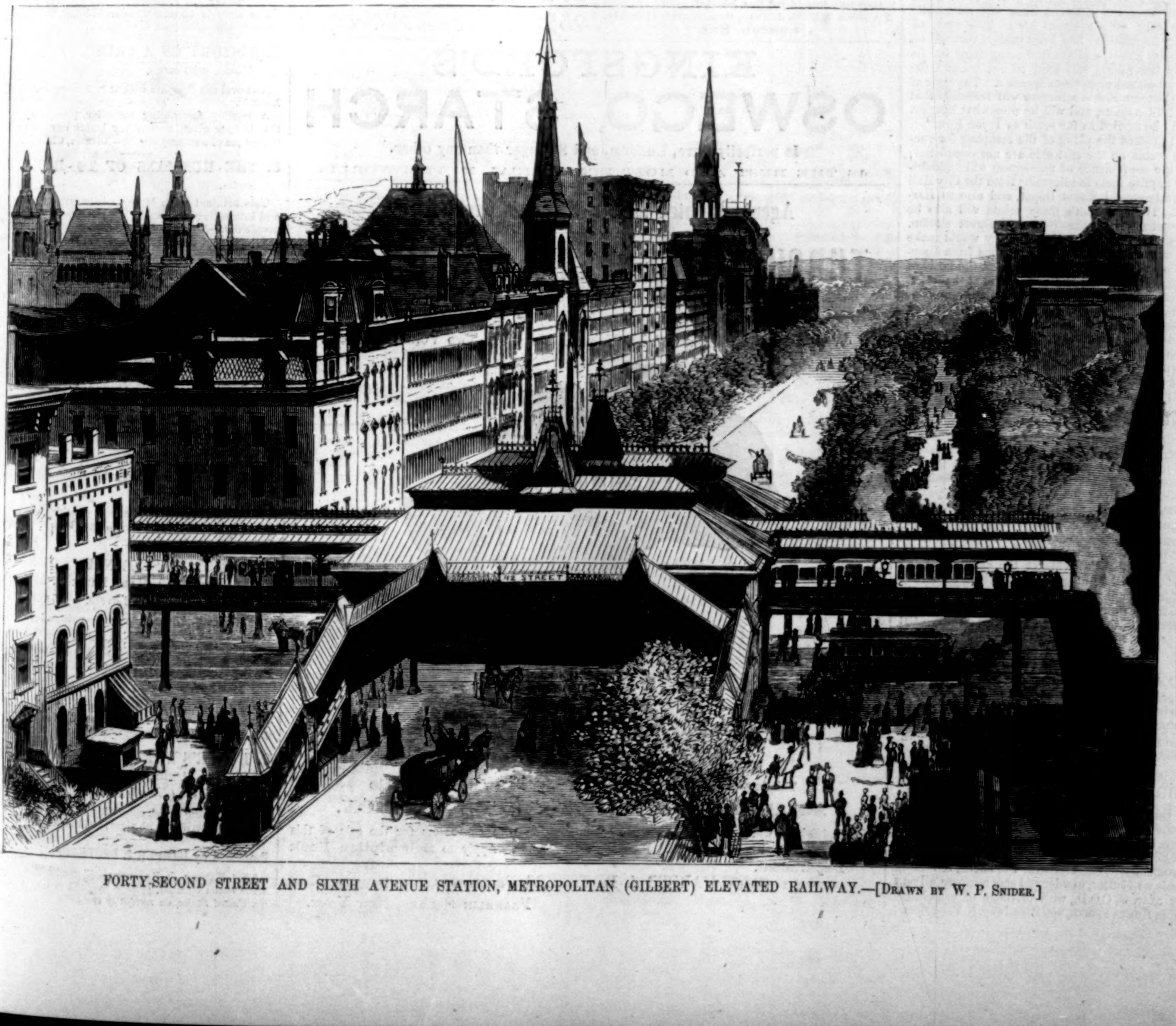


DR. R. H. GILBERT.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY KURTZ.]

This was the great thought that Dr. GILBERT brought back with him from Europe; but when he arrived here we were upon the point of civil war, and patriotism urged him to devote his energies to his profession. Without loss of time, he enlisted as surgeon in a regiment of Zouaves. He took part in the battle of Big Bethel, where he had his horse killed under him by the bursting of a shell, a fragment of which entered his hand, and remained there until 1871, when it was finally extracted. In this battle he performed the first amputation under fire made during the war. General KILKPATRICK, wounded in battle, was also at one time under his care. Subsequently he held the positions of Medical Inspector at Baltimore, Medical Director at Fortress Monroe, and was attached to the staffs of Generals JOHN A. DIX, GEORGE H. THOMAS, and JOHN M. PALMER. His last position as a military man was one of great responsibility. As Medical Director and Superintendent of the United States Army Hospitals he had under him as subordinates many of the most distinguished surgeons in the service. Here he continued until the close of the war, when he resigned his position and returned home to recuperate his health, which had suffered to a great extent from incessant application to hard work and the excitement attendant upon labors in field and hospital.

Unable to pursue his profession, Dr. GILBERT accepted a position as assistant to JOSIAH STEARNS, then superintendent of the Central Railroad of New Jersey, where he gave his aid to remodelling the management of the line, and helped to introduce the present popular system. Here he had time to study thoroughly the problem of rapid transit. His first project was the pneumatic tube system, from which he anticipated great results; but the apparent impracticability of the scheme led him to devote his time and energies to the more feasible plan of elevated railways. Finally, in 1867, he resigned his position with the New Jersey Central, and since then he has been known to the public as one of the most assiduous and enthusiastic workers in the cause of rapid transit. The result of his labors is embodied in the present complete and admirably arranged elevated railroad, which runs from the Battery to Central Park. No description of it is necessary here, however, for it has already been described at length in a recent issue of the *Weekly*, and a series of illustrations given exhibiting its characteristic features. The view of the Forty-second Street Station, given in connection with this article, shows the point where passengers whose homes are in the country leave the elevated road for the Grand Central Dépôt.

Now that the west side of our city is so well supplied with elevated railways, the public are watching with interest the new road that is to accommodate persons living on the east side. Here for a great part of the line, from White-hall Street to Yorkville, the track is completed. The structure along Pearl and Front streets has been criticised by those who are not aware of the precautions used to insure safety, and the height alone is sufficient to alarm a timid person. Were it not for the testimony of engineers it would be difficult to believe that each one of the frail trusses has been subjected to a test of six times the weight that it is intended shall rest upon it. At



FORTY-SECOND STREET AND SIXTH AVENUE STATION, METROPOLITAN (GILBERT) ELEVATED RAILWAY.—[DRAWN BY W. P. SNIDER.]

Front Street and Coenties Slip, where the road describes a double curve, the pillars upon which the trusses rest are about eighteen or twenty feet in height, so that the track is from twenty-one to twenty-two feet above the pavement. The columns are all of equal breadth, and where their height is greatest, they are apparently more slender. This is only in appearance, however, the strength of each being more than commensurate with any weight that can possibly rest upon it.

The population of the east side of New York City being so much greater than that of the west, where the territory is smaller, and more of the buildings devoted to storage and other purposes than those of offices and dwellings, the new railroad will be of even more benefit. The cars to be used are of the finest kind manufactured, and the sixty dummy engines are to be triumphs in the way of locomotive art. The stations are described by the New York *Times* as follows:

"The first station on the east side—at Hanover Square—will soon be ready for use. As the tracks emerge upon the square from Pearl Street they spread out, leaving a space between them sufficient for building a platform twenty feet wide, suspended on trusses. To reach this a stairway is going up, which rises from the middle of the square, opposite the Cotton Exchange building, while the other stairway starts from the north-east corner of Pearl Street and Old Slip. The iron frames for these stairways are in position, but the treads are not down. It is seven blocks to the next station, at Fulton Street. Here doorways have been cut in the United States Hotel building on Fulton and Pearl streets. Passengers will pass through these doorways, ascend to the second floor, pass out upon a platform running beneath the easterly track, and then by a short flight of steps reach the level of the railroad. At neither this station nor that at Hanover Square will it be necessary or possible for passengers to cross a track and expose themselves to danger. The highest part of the structure down town is in Franklin Square, just above the HARPER establishment. Here the square pillars, with trusses resting upon them, and reaching across the street, give way to the one-legged structure, the open-work spreading pillars, and occasional light trusses spanning the street to stiffen the east and west side tracks. At one point on New Bowery the tracks run along at the dizzy height of thirty feet from the street, so that the passengers will be nearly forty feet from the pavement as they are whirled along up or down town. A large station, about one hundred feet long, is partly built on Franklin Square. The height of the pillars varies frequently to correspond with the elevation and depression in the line of the street. The track is about twenty-five feet from the street where it runs upon Chatham Square, but the length of the pillars is shortened at the head of Chatham hill, where the ground is high. At this point the road branches, and one section of the iron-work of the Chatham Street and City Hall spur is up. Up and down trains bound over the different lines will necessarily cross each other's tracks here. The work of laying foundations has been pushed forward on Chatham Street, and the iron being ready for delivery, the pillars will soon be put up, and the trusses placed upon them speedily. The style of the Chatham Street structure will resemble that on Third Avenue, and will be somewhat heavier. It will be carried as far south as Tryon Row."

At present the plans of the company for running trains on the east side are not completed; but the convenience of passengers will undoubtedly require them to run trains from the City Hall to Forty-second Street Dépôt, and also to Harlem. Trains to both these points will also be dispatched from the Whitehall Street station. When asked whether the company would make any arrangements for starting trains from Cooper Union station, in order to afford the hosts of passengers desiring to take the cars at that point a chance to get seats, Mr. COWING, the secretary, said that it had not been considered, but that trains enough will be run even at one minute's headway to accommodate the travel. The trains from up town going over the different branches down town will also be plainly designated, so that passengers can make no mistakes. The road above Cooper Union is nearly ready, with the exception of the Forty-second Street span and the building of the stations. The iron-work of the platforms and stairways was only recently contracted for, so that some delay may be caused by the impossibility of taking up and landing passengers. The company, however, is quite as anxious as the public to see the work pushed forward to completion, and the officers express a hope that they may be able to get the road in operation by the beginning of August. Probably the date will be somewhat later than this, and it is doubtful whether the denizens of the east side will be able to enjoy their new railroad before autumn. Still, the fact that it is to come at all will be a consolation to many who are familiar with the difficulties of travel as they exist at present in that locality.

As ice disappears under a July sun, so fat disappears under the use of Allan's Anti-Fat. Those having uselessly tried other remedies are readily reduced from two to five pounds per week by this great remedy for corpulence. Sold by druggists.—[*Com.*]

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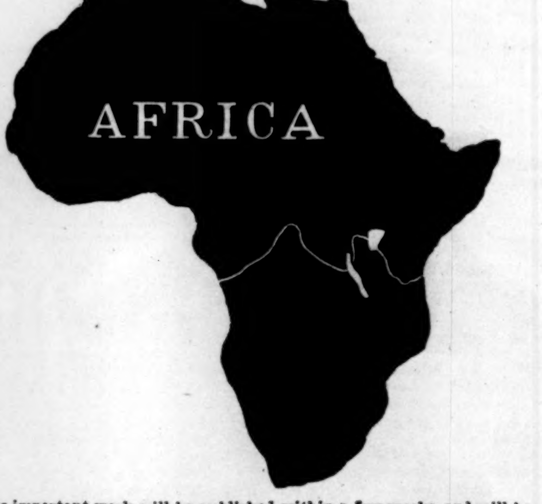

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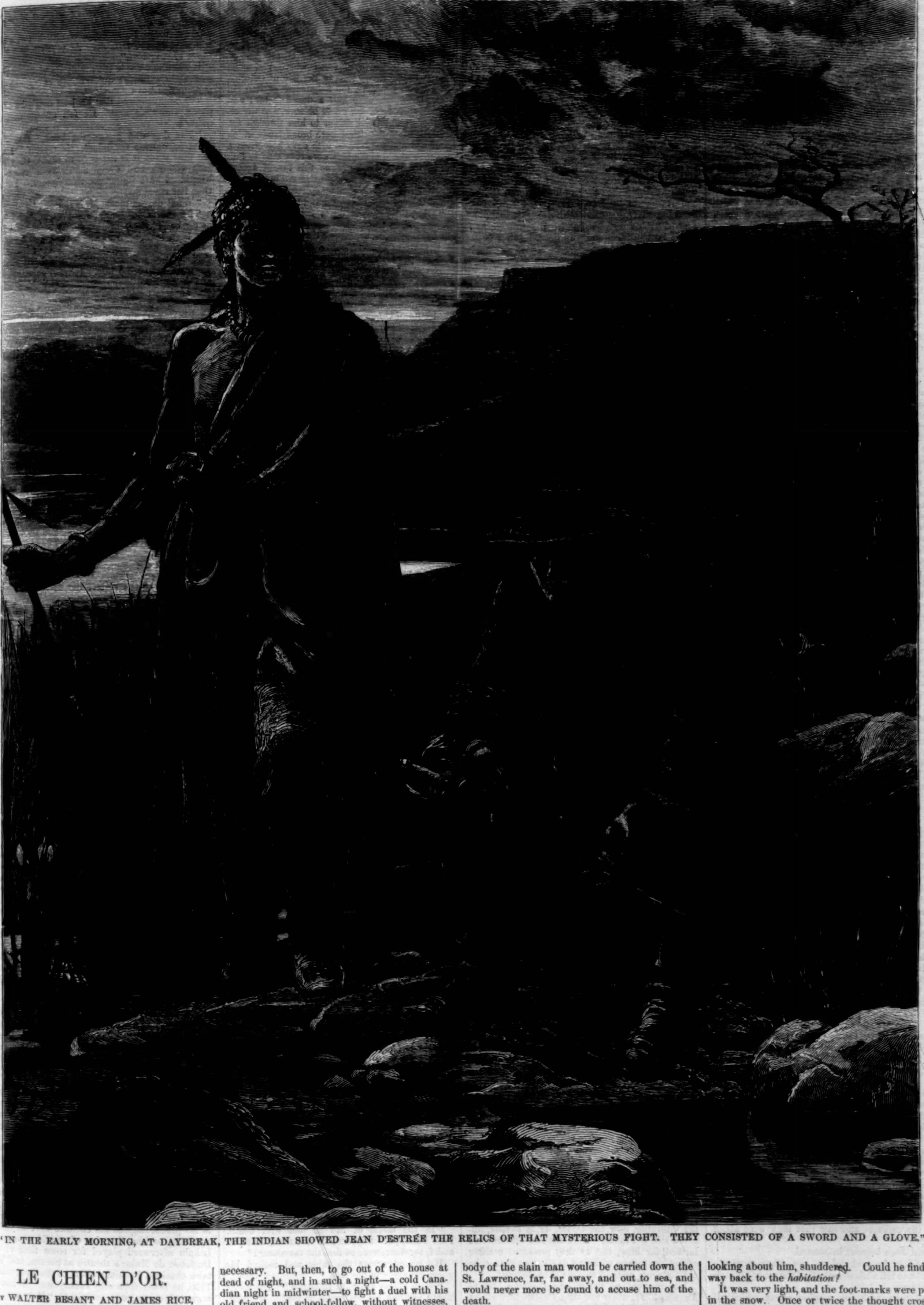

"IN THE EARLY MORNING, AT DAYBREAK, THE INDIAN SHOWED JEAN D'ESTRÉE THE RELICS OF THAT MYSTERIOUS FIGHT. THEY CONSISTED OF A SWORD AND A GLOVE."

LE CHIEN D'OR.

BY WALTER BESANT AND JAMES RICE,

AUTHORS OF "SHEPHERDS ALL AND MAIDENS FAIR," "BY CELIA'S ARBOR," "WHEN THE SHIP COMES HOME," ETC.

CHAPTER II.—(*Continued.*)

THEN the Chevalier put on his cloak again, wiped his blade carefully in the snow, and began to think.

The position was extremely awkward.

Duelling, to be sure, was part of a gentleman's profession. To fight on demand was absolutely necessary. But, then, to go out of the house at dead of night, and in such a night—a cold Canadian night in midwinter—to fight a duel with his old friend and school-fellow, without witnesses, and without known provocation, was a disagreeable thing to have to tell. Certainly Clairette might not like it. Very likely her father would not like it. The Chevalier had so far advanced in the knowledge of the world as to be actually callous as to the fact of the death. He fought his man; he killed his man; very well, all was right according to the laws of honor. But how about explaining in the morning?

And then a temptation seized the young man. He would say nothing at all about it. Once over the precipice which overhung the cataract, the body of the slain man would be carried down the St. Lawrence, far, far away, and out to sea, and would never more be found to accuse him of the death.

It was a simple thing to do. He rolled the body, stiffening in death, over and over till it was on the verge of the cliff, and then—because to look over into their white depths, to catch sight of the moon-lit sheet of water tearing for ever and ever downward, was more than his nerves could bear—he broke a short dead branch from a pine, and with an effort pushed the body of his old school-fellow over the cliff. The roaring waters were the dirge of poor Philippe; the moon and the stars were the witnesses of the deed.

Then the Chevalier felt himself lonely, and looking about him, shuddered. Could he find his way back to the *habitation?*

It was very light, and the foot-marks were plain in the snow. Once or twice the thought crossed him that there were six feet instead of four, but he put aside the suspicion; how could there be?

It seemed an hour before he tracked his way back, crept in at the open door, and sought his room. Next to that chamber was the room in which the dead man was to have slept. But the Chevalier had small scruples about ghosts. He had fought an honorable duel, he said to himself; he had killed his man. Good! He might himself have been killed. Honorable ghosts do not trouble gentlemen for such trifles. So he undressed leisurely—the warmth of the house was

pleasant after that cold *quart d'heure* on the edge of the cliff—and went to bed.

In the morning he awoke with a disagreeable thought. Those feet would be tracked in the snow. After all, he would have to tell the whole story.

Then, again, however, fortune befriended him. In the early morning a light wind from the north-west sprang up, bringing with it some clouds, and then a heavy fall.

It was supposed at breakfast that Philippe had gone back early to walk to Quebec. There was a good road all the way; it was only eight miles, and no one was in the least disturbed. The Chevalier, gay and brilliant, said many excellent things, and grew in favor with both the Seigneur and madame. Clairette, in maidenly guise, sat still and said nothing. After breakfast she washed up the dishes—a service at the sight of which the Chevalier, thinking of the fine ladies of Paris, secretly groaned and shuddered.

But where was Philippe?

No one ever knew. He had passed the night at Montmorenci; he was not there in the morning, therefore he must have left early. The track through the forest was clear and broad, a child could not have lost himself in it; there were no hostile Indians any where, and yet—he never came home.

Never came home. His mother waited for him by day and night. She wandered up and down the road; she made her way into the forest, in case she might find even the dead body of her son, who might have dropped down by the way-side, and so fallen into the sleep from which there is no waking. But she never found him. And presently, in a year or two, as Philippe came back no more, she made up her mind that he must have gone by some unknown path to heaven, and lay down to follow after him, and so be with him for good and all. And then Jean d'Estrée, the younger son—himself now the Seigneur de St. André, and inheritor of the magnificent dress with the lace cuffs—waited till he should come of age to do homage himself to the old Count de Frontenac, and to reign in his brother's place.

During these years one or two things of great importance happened.

The first was the marriage of the Chevalier de la Perade with Mademoiselle Clairette de Montmagny.

It was one of the most splendid weddings ever celebrated in Quebec. The Governor, the Intendent, the Recteur of the Seminary, the *Révérende Mère* of the Convent of the Ursulines, where Clairette had been educated, were all present. The Bishop performed the ceremony, the whole population of Quebec were present to witness it, and the newly married couple were allowed to be the handsomest and most distinguished pair who had as yet graced the simple marriage feasts of Canada. When the count died, which was very shortly after, the Chevalier took his young wife away to France, where there was chance of distinction in the wars. The wedding was nothing to Jean d'Estrée, that heavy-faced, brooding boy, who was become the Seigneur de St. André. He knew what his mother had wished, guessed it by some intuition of his own, by the same intuition hated the Chevalier, who, he knew, had been his brother's rival, and had now carried off the bride who should have been his, and in some queer, unintelligible way, connected him with his brother's death.

It was after the wedding was over, after the young married pair had gone to France, that Jean d'Estrée received news which set his blood coursing in his veins, turned suspicion into certainty, and the dull feeling of hatred into the active resolve on revenge.

There was an old red Indian, one of that almost extinct race of Algonquins, who lived about the estate of Montmorenci. Sometimes he disappeared for months together, going off to live as he only knew. Then he would come back, bringing fish up to the *habitation* for sale, ask for work in chopping wood, and hang round for a few weeks till his nomad instincts sent him forth again to wander about the streams and woods. This man—a silent, reserved man of the forest—had taken a strange fancy to Jean d'Estrée. Perhaps the beetle-browed boy was as silent as himself. Anyhow, the two would go out together spearing fish, or taking their canoe from one *portage* to another, in search of minks, beaver, and bear. They would pass weeks together in this pursuit without perhaps speaking a word to each other. Jean liked conversing when it was necessary in simple signs. But one evening, being then camped for the night on the banks of the river Ottawa, the redskin told a strange story.

He related how, one cold night in winter, three or four years ago, he, being about to coil himself up in his blankets in a wood-shed belonging to the Seigneur de Montmorenci, was awakened by voices belonging to men coming out of the Seigneur's house; how, with the caution of his race, he arose and followed their voices through the wood; how he crept after the steps of the two whose trail he kept until he found them on the edge of the cliff over the cascade, and saw that they were about to fight.

Then Jean became interested.

The fight, he said, did not last many moments before one fell with the sword of the other through the heart.

And then, with the graphic power which all savages possess—it consists more in pantomime than in words—he described how the survivor, after standing for a few moments in thought, rolled the body over the cliff, and returned home.

"But, Monsieur Jean," said the Indian, "I went back the next day. And I found the dead man's sword and the glove of the other. And I have them still."

"Where are they?" asked Jean.

"Hidden. Under the Falls of Montmorenci. Where there is a cave in the rock, and in front of the cave a wall of falling water. That is where I sleep sometimes in summer. Come with me there, Monsieur Jean, and I will show them to you."

Jean was eager to get back; he gave his companion no rest until he agreed to return. They sped in their birch canoe down the broad Ottawa; they passed that royal mount where now stands the most stately city of America, as Quebec is the most picturesque; they found their way through the Thousand Islands, and crept along the bank of the mighty river until they reached Quebec.

In the early morning, at daybreak, the Indian showed Jean d'Estrée the relics of that mysterious fight. They consisted of a sword and a glove. But the sword was that which had belonged to his brother Philippe; and the glove was one which he knew to have belonged to the Chevalier de la Perade, because it was decorated with the ribbon which he called the colors of his mistress, and he had caused to be woven in party-colored silk thread upon it her name—Clairette. So that now Jean d'Estrée had no doubt. His brother was dead; he had been slain by the Chevalier de la Perade.

CHAPTER III.

JEAN D'ESTRÉE took the glove and the sword home with him to the ivy-covered stone house in the Grande Place, where he now lived quite alone. He had always been of singularly reserved and solitary habits. After this discovery he became more reserved and more solitary, so that in the little settlement of Quebec he was looked upon as a sort of hermit. In the summer he worked—Canadian farmers, whether they were Seigneurs or not, then had to work—as a peasant cultivating his land—an occupation which enabled him to live in the simple manner of his time. All the hours unoccupied by his agricultural pursuits he spent alone in his house. If he saw any one, it was Madame De Montmagny, of whom from time to time he sought information of her son-in-law.

News in those days travelled very slowly. He heard, at long intervals, that the Chevalier, with his wife, had gone to Pondicherry, thence to the Isle of France; that they had returned to France, and were living in Paris; that his wife, the pretty Clairette, was dead; "and now," said Madame De Montmagny, "I suppose he will never return to Canada at all."

"Yes," said Jean d'Estrée, "he will return some time. I am sure he will return, if only for one thing. Perhaps not yet."

The years went slowly on. The grand old Count de Frontenac was dead, and another Governor came out to take his place. Then Jean d'Estrée put on again the hereditary grand court dress, and went to pay homage with his brother Seigneurs. This Governor, in his turn, was succeeded by another, and yet another.

Jean d'Estrée arrived at more than middle age. He had never married. He now spoke to no one at all unless he could help it; but when the ships arrived from Europe, which was in August and September, he was among the first of those who went down to the quay to meet the passengers. He was looking for one who tarried in his coming. No one knew how he occupied himself in his lonely house, but one morning in winter a rumor ran that M. D'Estrée had decorated the front of the house with a very curious sign.

That a house should have a sign was not an unusual thing. All merchants' houses had signs. Some of the better houses carried coats of arms painted on the wooden shields or on stone, if they were built of stone. But M. D'Estrée's house was not that of a merchant, nor was this sign a coat of arms. It was a rudely carved effigy of a dog gnawing a bone. The figure was covered with gilt, and beneath it, carved in the stone, were the following lines:

"Je suis un chien qui ronge l'os,
En le rongeant je prends mon repos;
Un temps viendra qui n'est pas venu,
Que je mordrai qui m'aura mordu."

It was an enigma. What was signified by the golden dog and the bone? What had dog or bone to do with the Seigneur of St. André?

Those who thought they knew the Seigneur well enough to ask an impertinent question did so, and got little good by the reply. He only smiled in his grave, preoccupied way, and said, "Je suis le chien qui ronge l'os," which left them just as wise as before.

Then people grew accustomed to the golden dog, and, as nothing seemed to come of it, ceased to trouble their heads about it. After all, M. D'Estrée was a strange and incomprehensible man. If he chose to live such a solitary life, and to stick up riddles in stone outside his house, he was perfectly *dans son droit* in doing so. In this way it was a regular and blameless life that he spent. He went to mass at due times, obeyed his priest in all matters of religious observance, and was charitable to the poor. Such a man's whims were to be respected.

It was thirty years since the death of Philippe d'Estrée; thirty years since the marriage of Clairette. Her parents were dead, she was dead, and the Chevalier, now the Count, de la Perade, lingered still in France. His Canadian estates were farmed for him; but as they produced nothing except the means of living to their occupiers, he did not seem anxious to visit them himself.

Nevertheless, on the afternoon of the 18th of August, 1727, when the ship *Pelican* arrived off the quay, and landed its passengers under the fortress of St. Louis, there was one among the bystanders, the silent Seigneur of St. André, whose face flushed red and then turned pale, whose fingers clutched an imaginary something, and whose form trembled, for his enemy had returned, and he recognized him. It was the Count de la Perade.

Time had pressed heavily upon him. The gallant young Chevalier had developed into a fat and bloated voluptuary. His swollen features, the roll of his heavy eyes, the thick lips, proclaimed aloud what manner of life had been led by the gallant count at the court of the Regent. He knew no one, and, followed by his valets carrying his effects, began slowly to climb the steep road which leads from the water-edge to the town upon the height. He paused at the top, and looked round him. The town had grown during its thirty years of prosperity; large cleared spaces planted and cultivated stood where had been pine forests. Below him, in the Isle of Orleans, lay his own property, the Seigneurie of Bon Secours, on which were half a dozen farms; and beyond, though too far off to be seen, was the estate of Montmorenci, fallen to him through the death of his wife. They were broad lands which he owned, and he thought with envy how great a lord they would make him were they only in Poitou or Picardy instead of on this far-off American shore. And then a man, dressed in the well-remembered old-fashioned Canadian garb, with girdle of colored silk, advanced and took off his hat.

"I hope the Count de la Perade is in good health. M. le Comte does not remember me. I am Jean d'Estrée, brother of that Philippe whom M. le Comte was good enough formerly to honor with his particular friendship."

The man's manner was perfectly formal and studied; there was no presumption of old *camaraderie*—quite the contrary; he stood uncovered and humble in the presence of so great a man as the friend of the Regent.

"I remember your brother, M. D'Estrée, perfectly—I remember to have heard that he was lost in the forest."

"So it was supposed, erroneously, I believe. He has not, however, been heard of or found since the night of his disappearance."

"But erroneously, M. D'Estrée?" The count's face paled as he asked the question.

"I say erroneously, M. le Comte, because my brother was too good a *voyageur* to lose himself in the Canadian forests, and because there was, even then, a good road from Montmorenci and Quebec. I believe that he was murdered."

"Murdered? But by whom?"

"That is the question which may well be asked," replied Jean d'Estrée, "and clearly you, M. le Comte, are the last man who would answer it."

M. De la Perade shrugged his shoulders.

"It is a matter of thirty years since. Let us not discuss it. I shall have, perhaps, the honor of receiving M. D'Estrée at my poor house of Montmorenci, whither I go to-morrow."

"And I," said M. D'Estrée, "propose to myself the honor of receiving M. le Comte in my poor house, until it pleases him to return to his own *habitation*. See, M. le Comte, behold the house."

The count hesitated. It was approaching sunset. There were, as yet, no hotels; there would be no time before night-fall to get his boxes from the ship: he would accept the offer.

"What is your singular sign?" he asked, stopping before the golden dog.

"That," said Jean d'Estrée, "I shall have the honor of explaining to M. le Comte this evening."

The supper that evening was served with a splendor to which Jean d'Estrée's household was wholly unaccustomed. Salmon, common enough to a Canadian, but a great luxury to a traveller who had been two months at sea, wild turkey, wild duck, all sorts of game, made up a more splendid meal than had ever before been served at the table of Jean d'Estrée. The valets of M. De la Perade served this entertainment, which was accompanied by a couple of bottles of cobwebbed and dusty wine, which for thirty years had lain in the cellar.

The count ate and drank manfully. It was, indeed, only in the evening and at supper that he felt himself in the possession of his full faculties. But his host was a difficult man to entertain. When the count told a story, M. D'Estrée only looked surprised; when he tried an old well-worn epigram, thinking it would serve this colonial squireen, it was received with perfect coldness.

The conversation naturally flagged.

"Pardon me, M. D'Estrée," said the count, who was getting to the bottom of the second bottle, "do you laugh no more in New France? When I was a boy I think we used sometimes to amuse ourselves."

"Wise men in Canada never laugh," replied his gloomy entertainer; "they remember that each moment brings death nearer to them. In the midst of life we are in death."

"All the more reason," said the courtier, "to enjoy the present; laugh, man—laugh, sing, drink. Let each past moment be remembered as a moment of joy and happiness."

"My brother Philippe," said Jean, "your old friend Philippe—you remember him, M. le Comte?"

"I—I—I remember him," replied the count, stammering. Why would the man keep talking of his dead brother?

"He left the supper table at night; he went to bed; but he did not occupy the bed. Where did he go that night?"

"Parbleu!" said the count. "It is thirty years ago. Let the dead bury the dead."

"In the midst of life he met with death. Poor Philippe! Suppose, M. le Comte, that you and I, together, were to find the murderer?"

He leaned across the table and looked his guest strangely in the face.

"With all my heart, M. D'Estrée." The count began to think his host must be mad. He wished he was in the safe retreat of his own room, where his two valets would be handy in case of need. "With all my heart. Let us, if we can, find the murderer. Provided, of course, that he *was* murdered."

"Oh yes—he was murdered—he was murdered! There is no doubt about that. Poor Philippe! After all, M. le Comte is doubtless fatigued, and would wish to retire from the world—I mean for the night, the long night of rest. After that he will have plenty of time to look back with joy upon every moment of his life on earth."

What did the man mean?

"I promised I would show M. le Comte the meaning of the golden dog. I am the golden dog, qui ronge l'os. Come out with me, and I will explain the parable. After that you shall retire to your rest."

It was about ten in the evening, a moon-lit summer night. In the quiet house every one had gone to bed but themselves.

The count noticed that his host carried a small parcel under his arm. He felt uneasy and disquieted.

"The dog who gnaws the bone," said Jean d'Estrée, outside the house, "is myself. I wait the time when it is my turn to bite. Only wait long enough and every man's turn comes at length. I have waited for thirty years. Yet my time has come."

"What do you mean, M. D'Estrée?"

"I mean, M. le Comte de la Perade, that I have in my hand" (here he threw off the cloth which had been hanging over the sword, and had disguised its appearance), "that I have here the blade of my brother Philippe which he carried when you murdered him. Stay—one moment—and on my hand is the glove—your glove—which you wore just before you stabbed him, once before he fell, once after, and when you kicked his dead body over the cliff into the cascade."

"It was a duel—a fair duel," cried the count.

"How could it be a duel when you threw the body over the cliff? Tiens—" He raised his arm, and in a moment, before the count could raise his hand, plunged the weapon straight into his heart.

"This is revenge, M. le Comte," he whispered, while the dying man gazed on him with eyes of terror and despair. "In the midst of life we are in death. You are going to your long rest, after which you will remember this moment.

'Un temps viendra qui n'est pas venu
Que je mordrai qui m'aura mordu.'

Adieu, M. le Comte."

They found in the morning the body of the newly arrived Seigneur. He was quite dead, lying in a pool of blood, and he had a sword-wound through his heart. M. D'Estrée reported that the count had supped with him, and that he had left his guest, believing that he was about to retire for the night. The valets declared that they had not left the house, and had heard no sound of disturbance. Then they buried the count with his fathers, and left the disclosure of the murder to Providence.

Jean d'Estrée returned to his silent and lonely life. He was more sombre than before, more regular with his religious exercises, and it surprised no one when, a year or two later, he left the world, and buried himself in a monastery. The house of the "Golden Dog" was standing in Quebec until a few years ago, when they pulled it down to make room for the new Post-office.

THE END.

A FRENCH CONTEMPORARY OF GARRICK.

LEKAIN was a contemporary of Garrick, with whom he was a correspondent upon terms of affectionate intimacy, and was to Paris what little David was to London. The power of genius and labor to overcome physical defects, even in that profession wherein physical perfections are almost all in all, was never so well exemplified as in the career of this great artist. His figure was ungraceful—heavy, short, and even vulgar—his mouth was large and thick-lipped, his voice hard. He was the son of a goldsmith, but from boyhood the stage exercised an extraordinary fascination upon him. He and some other young men formed an amateur society, and the excellence of his acting soon began to make a noise, which, reaching Voltaire's ears, the great writer sent for him. Lekain, in his *Memoirs*, describes the interview. He told Voltaire that he knew no happiness on earth equal to acting, that his father had left him an income of 750 livres, and that he was desirous of relinquishing trade for art. "Ah, my friend," replied the poet, "never do that; play for your pleasure, if you like, but never for a living. It is the finest, the rarest, the most difficult of talents, but it is abused by barbarians and proscribed by hypocrites. If you will renounce your project, I will lend you 10,000 francs to begin your establishment, and you shall repay me when you are able. Think over what I have said. See me at the end of a week, and give me a positive answer." "My second interview," continues Lekain, "was more decisive, since he consented, after the most urgent entreaties upon my part, to receive me as a pupil, and to have a small theatre constructed at the top of his house, where he had the goodness to let me play with his nieces and friends. The expense this improvised establishment occasioned M. Voltaire, and the disinterested offer he had made me some days before, proved to me that he was as generous and noble in his proceedings as his enemies were unjust in ascribing to him the vice of sordid economy." Lekain afterward played for some time at the Duchesse de Maine's theatre at Sceaux, and Voltaire obtained for him a *début* at the Français in 1750, he being then only twenty-one. When he appeared, every body exclaimed, "How ugly he is!" But soon the spell of his genius enthralled them, and the cry was changed to, "How beautiful he is!" After seeing him act the first time Louis XV. said, "That man has made me weep—I, who never weep." In time the hard voice was trained to such flexibility that the severest critics confessed they had never heard one more musical, more varied in its tones, more adapted for the expression of either passion or tenderness, while beneath the fire of his genius his face became beautiful, his figure noble. Three times did study induce him to change his style of acting before he attained his ultimate perfection. He used to say

that years of study were necessary to *complete* a part. "A character, a personage, can only be made to approach perfection by a succession of minute discoveries, of imperceptible details, that we appropriated to ourselves, although we may have originally discovered them in another." During his last illness the *parterre* demanded each night a bulletin of his health before the performance commenced. When at last the fatal words were given out, "He is dead," a stupor seemed to fall upon the whole audience; but the next moment all rose from their seats and slowly quitted the theatre, murmuring in subdued whispers to one another, "He is dead."

FRESH TYPES OF CHARACTER.

THOUGH no compound of this earthly ball, as Mr. Tennyson says, "is like another all in all," yet the compounds have a way of falling into a few distinct and well-marked sets. Either there are not many types of character, or dramatists, novelists, and satirists are singularly dim-sighted people. In whatever age we take up a comedy that is neither by Shakespeare nor Molière, we find that the same persons furnish the fun. The stupid husband, the frisky wife, the gallant (who is generally a lay figure), the valet, the *soubrette*, the miser, and the man of common-sense—a dull foil to the rest—make up the *dramatis personæ*. The human comedy notoriously includes many more actors, but it is difficult to make them prominent, or hard to disengage their ludicrous qualities. Different epochs have their different bores and social tormentors; there is a fashion in nuisances of that sort, and the bores are put on the stage. The man with a mania for hunting, for gambling, for the collection of curiosities, the pushing man and the sycophant, are not hard to draw, and they are brought in as minor characters.

Near the end of the last century there was a kind of controversy among French critics as to whether Molière and other writers had not exhausted the stock of comic characters. Temporary varieties in the expression of folly might exist, it was said, but *le contemplateur* had appropriated every distinct species of man and woman. Ingenious writers cast about in their minds to discover unworked veins of absurdity, and were more or less successful in exploring, though they carefully abstained from working the mines they pointed out, and from sifting or fashioning the metal.

If one might be permitted very humbly to follow in the track of the French critics of the last century, a few characters not wholly hackneyed might perhaps be detected, a few "potential energies" might be marked down in the hunting ground of the novelist. For example, the festive philosopher has not very often been trotted out. So much is mankind the slave of custom that it is usual to speak and write of philosophers as if they were hard and dry, dull and forbidding, the foes of pleasure. Keats's Apollonius represents the novelist's idea of an elderly man of science:

"With curl'd gray beard, sharp eyes, and smooth bald crown,
Slow-stepp'd, and robed in philosophic gown."

The aged and distinguished student is the enemy of enjoyment, he sees the snake's teeth glittering behind Lamia's coral lips, his eye is "keen, cruel, perceant, stinging;" in short, to quote a very different poem, "he comes and spoils the fun." The fleeting phenomena of amusement, the mirages of youth and wealth, and the society of young ladies wither and fade under the gaze of the stern philosopher of fiction. He refuses to hear of imprudent marriages, and would like to shut up boys and girls in libraries and laboratories. Can any thing be less like the successful philosopher whom we all know, whose articles are in the *Nineteenth Century* and in the mouths of advanced ladies? He is a diner-out, an after-dinner lecturer too; he goes to the festivals of art, and you may meet him giggling in corners of galleries at private views with the Lamia of the hour. He is no bigot, and does not mind meeting clergymen; he will jest with an archbishop, and he is thoroughly well acquainted with the scandal of the minute. Having long ago read every thing that he thinks worth reading, and made up his mind on all topics natural and supernatural, he can give his days to enjoyment. The young philosophers may attack him with a fierce new learning that has come in since his time: young men are always captious and irreverent. They have found out something with the microscope, or they have deciphered an Etrurian inscription, or unrolled a manuscript from Pompeii, which demonstrates the elderly philosopher to be a pretentious old humbug. The genial thinker is quite unmoved; he possesses the public ear; his theory of the origin of life is the theory to talk about; his history of the Latin League is the history that sells; his view of Timothy of Malvern is the picturesque view, the view that ladies understand. Johnson, himself a festive philosopher, who loved a lark with young men about town, knew the type. In a short but spirited poem he represents a hermit utterly declining to "smite his bosom:"

"Come, the smiling sage replied—
Come, my lad, and drink some beer."

It is in their youth, while they are making their names, that philosophers are intolerably severe. When once they have acquired a reputation, they show that philosophy is not a vain and useless pursuit by proving that they alone know how to enjoy themselves after they have retired from active business.

A procession of people rises in the wake of the jolly philosopher who has tried all things, and found that social success is not vanity. There is the lion retired—the poet, or painter, or preacher—who knows that he could roar an he listed, and charm drawing-rooms with the sweet modulations of his voice, but who gives out that loneliness is what he prefers. If only some social Gordon Cumming or Du Chaillu would go and stir up this lion in his desert retreat, and chain him, and lead him away, how pleased, to be sure, he would be! He would enter the menagerie with joy, and leave the trackless solitudes of Bayswater or the austere heights of Hampstead with the faintest pretense of nostalgia. But the intrepid traveller does not appear, and the tameless poet wanders free, unfettered, and rather disconsolate. Perhaps he associates with a person too little observed by students of character—the modern hypochondriac. Even Hippy, in *Richard Feverel*, seems a faint and antiquated sketch in pastel when one thinks of the rich varieties of folly in which the modern hypochondriac indulges. Hippy belonged to the prescientific age; it is almost hinted that he was capable of eating patent foods, and of writing impassioned testimonials to the inventors of those tasteless abominations. His modern successor is a man who keeps up with the foibles of fashionable doctors. He has the latest "tip," if we may use a vulgar but appropriate term, about alcohol. He knows whether it is a form of food or not, and what effect a glass of sherry has on the pulses of a vivisected frog. He knows what tobacco does when introduced into the cerebellum of a mole, and he draws tremendous inferences about the consequences of an occasional cigarette. He has a theory that he would languish and disappear if he did not have potatoes at luncheon, or if he failed to eat a poached egg at five o'clock in the afternoon. When he buys a horse, he thinks of his own liver rather than of his sport. He knows the chemical composition of some unheard-of mineral water, and carries about cases thereof, and keeps bottles in his bedroom. He is always either starving or overeating himself on system, and living entirely on cabbage or on pork alone. The new sort of scientific doctor, who lectures to ladies, and pours out floods of twopenny rhetoric in the magazines, is the begetter of the modern hypochondriac. To think of the new kind of doctor is to have a vision of highly original and strikingly "differentiated" quacks—novel types of folly who almost require a new La Bruyère to themselves.

SPRING IN THE ALPS.

WARM May showers begin to fall, and the sun gains more and more victories every day, while at night a thick gray fog comes down to guard the work which spring has accomplished during the day, and to keep off the frost spirits, which else would descend from the heights and destroy it all. The trees shake the snow out of their dark tresses, the first buds burst forth upon the beech, the first tassels appear on the hazel bush and willow, and the fresh young grass begins to shoot up by the side of the springs and streams. Then Spring herself comes down the valley of the Reuss, with a wreath of primroses round her head, and there is a general awakening. Every thing begins to put forth buds and blossoms, and earth and air are alike filled with the cheerful sounds and brilliant tints of returning life. There is a sound of dropping and trickling and bubbling and running, as the snow fields thaw more and more; streams leap noisily over the rocks; and river and lake, having burst their bonds, are tossing their wild waves hither and thither in a state of grand commotion. Up in the mountains the glaciers are splitting and cracking with a noise like the roar of artillery, and great shining masses of ice fall with a crash into the valley, and are followed by the avalanches carrying every thing before them in their mad career. Then back comes the Föhn again to complete the work he has begun. What a howling there is in the ravines and gorges, mingled with deep under-tones, like the full notes of an organ! The waters swell and rage as if possessed by demons, lakes overflow their banks, and every thing in the valley is in a state of lively agitation. And at night, when all else is still, how the Föhn raves and roars! But through all the wild uproar one seems to hear Nature saying, "Spring is coming, spring is coming." And behold! she comes, she is here. There she stands, breathing and palpitating, and all the living things in the valley and on the mountains atune their thousand voices to a rapturous greeting. There is the bold cry of the jay and the auspicious call of the woodpecker; the finch darts up from the budding twig, and the cuckoo, magpie, thrush, partridge (*Perdix saxatilis*), and cock-of-the-woods (*Tetrao urogallus*), all join in the grand chorus to the best of their power. Butterflies, and all the swarm of tiny winged creatures which rejoice in light and sunshine, are hovering in a state of rapturous delight over the flowers which have just unfolded their brilliant blossoms—over the colt's-foot, ranunculuses, primroses, cowslips, orchises, saxifrages, and bluebells, which grow by the side of the streams, on the mountain pastures, and on the edge of the woods. Cows and goats, too, which have grown weary of their long imprisonment in the stable, are lowing and bleating forth their greeting to the bright new world, herd-bells are once more heard tinkling again, and man, too, opens his mouth and welcomes the spring with a loud and hearty "huzza!"

The Föhn wind is completely master in the little canton of Uri, and regulates the laws which govern the climate, which, however, is nowhere more capricious than it is here. The St. Gotthard Pass is the one by which the Föhn chiefly travels; but he reigns all the year round in the regions of the upper air, and often descends into the valleys, where, indeed, his power is chiefly displayed. He is a son of the Italian sirocco, and is sent hither from the desert of the South. Before he comes, thick gray mists are seen brooding over the southern horizon, and they grow denser and denser until they take the form of clouds, and creep up to the tops of the mountains. Then the sun turns pale and sickly, and when he sets he lights up the western heavens with a sort of dull lurid glow. At night the air is oppressive and so still that not a leaf seems to be stirring; there is a large halo round the moon, the stars flicker and twinkle, and numerous meteors are to be seen. When morning comes there is no dew lying on the fields, and the air is so extremely clear and transparent that the most distant mountains, which usually look like blue clouds on the horizon, seem suddenly to have come nearer. Animals are fully sensible of the state of the atmosphere; they low and bellow restlessly, they can not sleep, and seem to await the approaching tempest with much nervous excitement. Human beings, too, feel excited, and can hardly close their eyes for restlessness and anxiety. Plants hang down their heads and their leaves as if faint and languid; and at night, if you listen, you will hear a roaring among the trees far up the mountain, as if the Wild Huntsman were rushing madly through the hot air. The brooks in the valley are brawling louder than ever, for they are filled to overflowing with the water which the wind has melted from the glaciers. But this state of things does not last much longer. There are two or three prodigious flaps from the mighty wings, and then there is a sudden strange calm, but it is the calm which precedes the storm. At last it bursts forth and rushes through the valleys with all the destructive demoniacal force of a hurricane, bringing terror wherever it goes. It breaks down the trees, loosens the avalanches, tears the roofs off the houses, and, as it has completely dried all the wood-work, it fans the tiniest spark into a flame. For this reason firemen patrol the streets at all hours, and go into the farmhouses and cottages, and insist on having all the fires extinguished.

And yet the Föhn is truly a blessing to the land; for if he carries a sword in one hand, he certainly bears a horn of plenty in the other, and pours out its contents with a liberal hand upon the whole neighborhood of Altorf, Bürglen, and Attinghausen, where numbers of Southern plants live and flourish, and those which are indigenous to the soil thrive with Southern luxuriance. The Alpine pastures, too, share the blessing which he brings, so that the herdsmen of Uri are able to go to the mountains sooner than those of any other canton.

MOOSE-HUNTING IN NOVA SCOTIA.

THE elk or moose deer, the largest existing species of the *Cervidæ*, or deer family, is a native of the northern parts of Europe, Asia, and America. When full grown it is about six feet in height at the shoulders, and sometimes weighs 1200 pounds. The body is round, compact, and short; the neck is short and thick, unlike that of the deer in general, but thus adapted to sustaining the very great weight of the head and horns. The head is large and narrow, and about two feet in length. The horns in males of the second year are unbranched, not flattened, and about a foot long. As the animal becomes older, they begin to display a blade with more numerous snags. In mature elks the blade becomes very broad, and there are sometimes fourteen snags on each horn: a single antler has been known to weigh about sixty pounds. The ears of the elk are long compared with those of the ass, and the eyes are small. The body is covered with coarse angular hair of a brownish-black color, which breaks when it is bent. On the neck and withers there is a heavy mane, and the throat is covered with long hair.

The movements of the elk are heavy rather than graceful, and the shoulders being higher than the croup, it does not gallop, but shuffles or ambles along. On increasing its speed it spreads its hind-feet to avoid treading on its fore-heels, and tosses its head and shoulders like a horse about to break from a trot into a gallop. It does not leap, but will step without effort over a fallen tree, a gate, or even a fence. During the time it is running it holds the nose up so as to lay the horns horizontally back. This attitude prevents its seeing the ground distinctly, and as the weight is carried very high upon the elevated legs, it is said that the precaution of spreading the hind-legs does not always avail, and the animal by tripping will sometimes give itself a heavy fall. From this the ancients argued that the elk suffered from frequent attacks of epilepsy, and was obliged to smell its hoof before it could recover. At one time the hoof of the animal was supposed to be a specific for this and other disorders. "Great virtue," says an old writer, "was once placed in the hoof of the elk, as parings of it were supposed to be a specific for the falling-sickness and other diseases."

The usual habitat of the moose being the densest forests, the sense of sight is not so highly developed as in most other species of the deer tribe; but the enormous nasal cavity, great expansion of its chambers, and extent of surface covered by the olfactory membrane, together with the large ear couches, attest his great powers of hearing and smelling. The moose is of cautious and retiring habits; in the autumn his usual haunts are in the forest adjoining the margin of lakes or mossy swamps. He lives chiefly on the leaves and young shoots of bushes and the smaller deciduous trees, such as the maple, the white birch, mountain ash, poplar, and balsam. To get at foliage beyond the reach of his muzzle he frequently charges at a young tree, and bends it down until he has brought the leaves within his reach, pulling the young branches into his mouth by his mobile and prehensile upper lip, and biting them off. Unless the grass is very tall, or growing on a convenient bank, the moose will seldom attempt to crop it, his neck being too short to admit of his performing the operation of grazing with any thing like comfort. He can only graze by straddling his legs and stooping awkwardly, which may be taken as certain evidence that green shoots and tender buds, and not grasses, are his proper food. He is, however, very fond of the broad-leaved grass growing in the dried bogs, and the roots of the yellow pond-lily, upon which he feeds when he takes to the water during the summer to avoid the flies. When the plague of flies begins, the moose will rid himself of his tormentors by plunging into the water, allowing only his mouth and nostrils to remain above the surface. He is a famous swimmer, and has been known to hide from pursuit by diving and remaining a long time under water.

The flesh of the moose is quite palatable, though the grain is coarse, and it is much tougher than any other kind of venison. The nose also is excellent, as well as the tongue, though neither are so fat and delicate as in the common deer. The skin, when dressed properly, makes a soft, thick, pliable leather, which is exceeding popular in the North for certain articles of clothing. The Indians have certain methods of dressing these skins which produce excellent results. One tribe, the Dog-ribs, prepare them in the following manner: They are first scraped to an equal thickness throughout, and the hair taken off by a scraper made of the shin-bone of a deer split longitudinally; they are then repeatedly moistened and rubbed, after being smeared with the brains of the animal, until they acquire a soft spongy feeling; and lastly they are suspended over a fire made of rotten wood until they are well impregnated with the smoke. This final process imparts a peculiar odor to the leather, and has the effect of preventing it from becoming hard after being wet, as it would otherwise do. Formerly the skin of the moose was used to a great extent for clothing, and was extremely valuable. One author, writing some fifty years back, says: "It is not long since that a regiment was clothed with waist-coats made from the hides of these animals, which were so thick that a bullet could not penetrate them." He further adds, that "when made into breeches, a pair of them, among the peasantry of former days, went as a legacy to several generations."

In America, moose may be said to range from the mouth of the Mackenzie River to the shores of the Atlantic at the eastern extremity of Nova Scotia. In former years they were found as far south as the State of New York. For some time past, however, they have steadily decreased, owing to the wholesale destruction practiced by the Indians and the rapidly increasing settlers of the north. Major LEVISON, the "Old Shekarry," says: "I never could see any sport in the extermination of the moose as practiced in some parts of Canada during the winter months. At this season the cows with the young bulls and calves herd together, and, when the snow comes thickly down, form what is called a 'moose yard,' that is, they select a sheltered part of the forest, generally upon a hill-side, fruitful in brush-wood of a deciduous nature, and diligently tread down the snow in a circle round it, so that an embankment encircles the yard, and secures the inmates from the attacks of wolves and bears. Here they remain the whole winter, unless discovered by the hunter, who, if alone, will only make a note of the whereabouts of the yard, and mark it so that he may find it again, for there is no occasion for the least hurry. The longer the moose are allowed to live, the fatter they become, and there is little or no chance of their escaping unless a sudden thaw should take place. At last the fatal day comes, and a party, armed with fire-arms of all kinds, surround the yard, and commence an indiscriminate massacre, sparing neither cows nor calves. The old bulls rarely remain with the herd during the winter months, preferring to wander about the woods, feeding and chewing the cud; but when the snow lies deep, they too are often wantonly destroyed in a wholesale manner both by the Indians and the settlers, who are enabled to get over the snow on snow-shoes, while the moose, with its fetlocks and hocks streaming with blood, flounders through the half-frozen snow, often sinking shoulder deep in its exertions to get away from the dogs. At last, exhausted, it falls helpless, and, while unable to extricate itself from the snow-drift, the hunters come up and blow its brains out or, more frequently, knock it on the head with an axe."

Such miserable slaughter as this can not, of course, afford pleasure to a true sportsman, and the time chosen by those who delight in legitimately hunting the moose is usually the latter part of the summer and autumn. Then the moose is brought within range of the hunter's gun by "calling," which method the artist to whom we are indebted for our sketches describes as follows:

The moose is "called" by an Indian guide, who imitates, by means of a birch-bark horn, the call of the cow moose, every now and then striking his call against the bushes to heighten the illusion. The game replies at a distance, is heard crashing through the forest, it may be swimming a lake or fording a stream, and then, as it approaches the decoy, the noise ceases, and it advances so softly as scarcely to disturb the branches and twigs of the trees. That is the scene depicted in sketch No. 1, and now is the sportsman's time. Up goes the rifle—a flash, a crack, and down goes the monarch of the forest. The Indian is up, knife in hand, by the side of the fallen quarry in a twinkling, and has it skinned and cut up ready to be carried to camp. Then comes the return to camp, probably many miles away. JOE, the Indian, packs antlers, hide, and the best of the meat on the light toboggan, passes the line around himself, shoulders his rifle, and steps out lightly for the tent and the fire, the lucky hunter looking forward to just such a picture of comfort in the backwoods in winter as is represented in the last of our sketches—a picture that ought, if it meets the eye of some of our Nimrods who have "been there," to make them break forth into recital of "moving accidents by flood and field" the last time they were in Arcadian woods.